

The TATLER

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April 26, 1939



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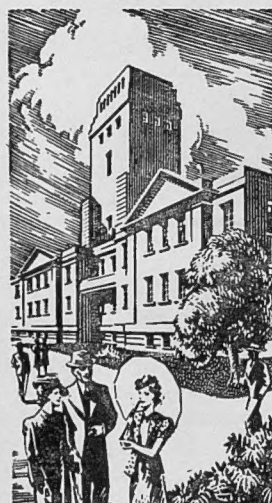
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The TATTLER

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JUST ENGAGED : LADY ELIZABETH PAGET

On April 18 the engagement was announced of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's second daughter to Mr. Raimund von Hofmannstahl. Lady Elizabeth Paget, aged twenty-three and tremendously popular both with young and older members of her vast circle of acquaintances, was one of the Queen's six trainbearers at the Coronation. Her fiancé, son of the late Mr. Hugo von Hofmannstahl and of Mrs. von Hofmannstahl, is a writer and poet, now very much at home in England where he has lived for some time. Lady Elizabeth Paget's father, a former joint-Master of the South Staffordshire Hounds (he built them new kennels) and at one time in *The Blues*, has been Lord Chamberlain to Queen Mary since 1922. Through her mother Lady Elizabeth is a niece of the Duke of Rutland.



AN ARTIST AT HOME

Sir Timothy Eden with his two daughters, Rose, aged eleven, and Ann, aged fifteen, and his wolfhound Gally in his garden at Fritham House, near Lyndhurst. Sir Timothy is painting busily at the moment in preparation for an exhibition of pictures he will hold in May. This will be his first "one man" show, although he has previously exhibited both in Paris and London. Amongst portraits on view will be one of his only brother Mr. Anthony Eden, painted twenty years ago when the former Foreign Secretary was a captain in the K.R.R.C.

"WHAT a curious feeling!" said Alice." No curiouseer than the effect of spending one afternoon in the gallery of the St. James's listening to Shaw's fancied page of history, and the next in the gallery of the House of Commons watching the Prime Minister read the speech the world was said to be waiting for after the Good Friday *coup de foudre*, or *coup d'état à la mode*.

I can no longer remember who said what at which, for *Geneva* is no far-fetched Shavian satire; with consummate mastery it holds the mirror and the microphone to the present, making Battler and Bombardone a shade more vulnerable and twice as reasonable as the originals, while Sir Orpheus Midlander, the British Foreign Secretary, is occasionally more incisive and always more polished than Mr. Chamberlain, which is inevitable with Ernest Thesiger in a part he makes as memorable as Cedric Hardwicke's *Apple Cart* king. It was comparatively easy to play the elastic-minded and enlightened monarch; the elderly politician with not one firework in his composition is a negative study, yet both Mr. Thesiger and Mr. Chamberlain held their audiences on prematurely hot afternoons.

And the World Said—



Tunbridge

MRS. CHRISTOPHER BOUCHIER WREY
AND HER LITTLE SON, TIMOTHY

Mrs. Bouchier Wrey is the beautiful daughter of Sir Harold Bowden, Bart., who married a nephew of the present Sir Bouchier Wrey, thirteenth Baronet of Tavistock Court, North Devon. Timothy is a little over two years old



Clapperton

THE LADIES ELIZABETH AND CAROLINE SCOTT

A happy snapshot of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch's daughters selling daffodils when the gardens at Bowhill—one of the Duke of Buccleuch's four Scottish places—were opened to the public recently. Lady Elizabeth Scott, aged seventeen, is a 1939 *débutante*

The former is accused by the stage dictators of cultivating an elaborate technique; his carefully-weighted nothings delivered without gestures in an educated monotone seem the essence of double-dyed diplomacy. Yet Sir Orpheus in his modest sincerity did not know he had a technique, the world quite upsets him with its un-amateur implication; and so it goes on, until he scores with a mild joke, nothing too acidulated or too boisterous, just as Mr. Chamberlain scored with Lord Halifax's assurance to Signor Crolla that although we never had any intention of occupying Corfu, His Majesty's Government would take a very grave view if anybody else did. This blessed quality of dry humour is what Sir "Archie" Sinclair of the fine presence palpably lacked in a resonant speech which went agley when he retreated to Moscow, and gave the P.M. a geography lesson on how much of Russia is in Europe and how much in Asia—as if any Russian knew. Sir "Archie" appeared somewhat humourless and opinionated, which defects Englishmen wrongly attribute to all Scotsmen. Coming from Caithness, perhaps he is nearer the Strindberg than the ten

pound look, and yet another Norseman, the Orcadian, Eric Linklater, is a merry fellow and a clever prophet. His last novel foretold recent events, and that in order to withstand the Totes (my abbreviation) we should have to copy them by instituting an emergency plan. No emergency, judging from his greatness in Parliament that day, will be too much for Mr. Winston Churchill.

It was Mr. Churchill's afternoon, but though the public prints were loud in praise of his speech they could not give space to the human element such as the surge back into the House when he began. Members were squatting in the gangways; Mrs. H. B. Tate and handsome Colonel Leonard Ropner (sunburnt brick and wearing the only nut-brown suit) had room made for them in a row so serried that Mr. Duff Cooper of the pensive brow appeared to be sitting on his neighbour's knee, but the Member for Marylebone was left on the stairs—alone with a large carnation. Behind the clock the Duke of Kent and beyond it the moon of the Chinese Ambassador's countenance, made a pattern, which brought my eyes to rest on the sensitive hands of Sir Edward Marsh come to hear his friend and former chief's oration. When after a series of rustlings and exclamations Mr. Churchill referred to Lady Astor as "the commotion behind me," Sir Edward leant forward to see Winston get the best of an unequal conflict. Her interruptions (the only pins dropt in a rapt House) were revenged by his teasing about that visit to Bolshevik Russia with Bernard Shaw. After twice rising to expostulate with much waving of white muslin cuffs, the Noble Lady was told by the Speaker, "That will do," and the Statesman rose again to his own level. If man has failed as a political animal, as Shaw now thinks, then woman does not deserve to be included in his fall, for an aura of nobility clings to failure, and the sex with rare exceptions is petty in public life, led away by little things. The little thing which amuses me most in "Eddie" Marsh's incomparable biography is to discover that Shaw calls Mrs. Shaw, Charlotte. The disclosure of Mrs. Noah's first name could not have made a greater impression on me.

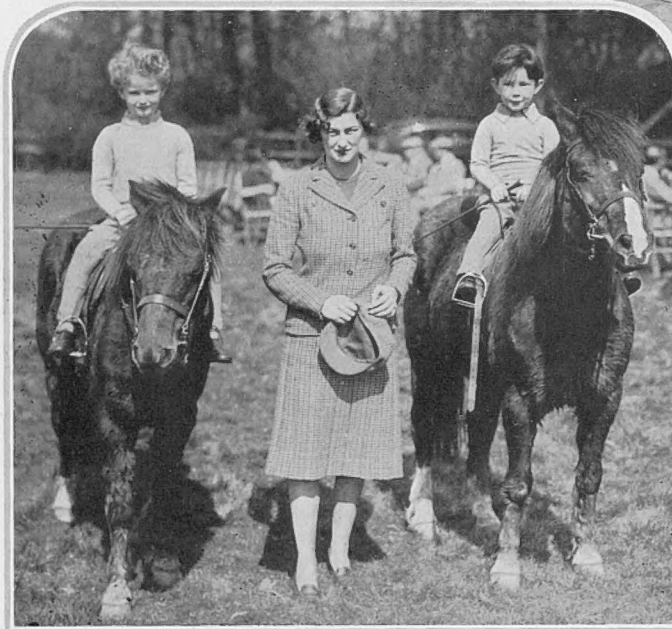
The social and cultural



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FISHING THE BEAULY RIVER IN INVERNESS-SHIRE

Three well-contented anglers; Viscount Coke, the Earl Leicester's son and heir, who was formerly a Scots Guard, Mr. Robert Arnott and his father, Sir John Arnott, whose seat is in Co. Dublin and who is chairman of the *Irish Times*



Howard Barrett

THE YOUNG IDEA AT THE MEYNELL HUNTER TRIALS

Mrs. Dennis Stewart, who is a sister of Mrs. Luke Lillingston who was formerly Lady Harrington, with (left) her little son, Dennis, and (right) Alan Lillingston, who is Lord Harrington's half-brother. The Meynell Hunter Trials were held at Brailsford



ON "CITY" DAY AT EPSOM LAST WEEK

Interested operators, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, she being the former Miss Ann de Trafford, who were married on February 14, and Lord Hopetoun and his fiancée, Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, whose engagement was announced at the end of March. Lord Hopetoun is the son and heir of the Viceroy of India, The Marquess of Linlithgow

would be the rage with the vulgar as well as the discerning if her father was a Welsh miner instead of a City Father and a Double Blue. We still doubt native talent and applaud artists indiscriminately, but the Finlandia Choir is unique. The Legation party was a send-off before its American tour. Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon and daughter, Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who looked particularly nice, were accompanied by Lord Malcolm, the handsomest brother. These young Douglas-Hamiltons' younger daughter, who has made her début as a bridesmaid, will be a beauty. Mr. James Gunn, who has an eye for character as well as beauty, brought his wife, an attractive woman (artist's wives always are), and Eve Sawyer (Mrs. Eric Palmer) was another artist there. She also went to the Portrait Painters' Private View with her sitter, Princess Natasha Bagration and Baroness Stackelberg. This show is somewhat below its own, not very exalted, standard, but the Jagger stands out. Admiring it was Miss Diana Caldwell, who returned from the More O'Ferralls' point-to-pointing house party in Ireland in time to entertain Istvan Horthy on his brief visit. The Regent of Hungary's attractive son was taken to Emlyn Williams's play and to The 400, where he danced with Lady Inchcape; Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson, a Berry and a More O'Ferrall completing the sextet. One of the best cabarets the Dorchester has ever put on is not drawing as many viewers, to use the television

And the World said—*continued*

noun, as it deserves, but Sir Harry and Lady Lyons, the Jack Solomons and the Cuthbert Stewarts were there after Newmarket, the night of the Farr fight, when any one with a television set was It. My greengrocer's cost over a hundred pounds. The moral in this, as Alice's Duchess would say, has something to do with eating more fruit.

Getting into fresh air, down to Dorset, the talk is of weddings. This county was represented at the Wintour-James ceremony on Friday, and will be in force at the Darling-Labouchere wedding, also in London. It has an interest in the engagement of the Van de Weyers of Clyffe's second daughter to Flight-Lieutenant C. R. J. Pink, and it went *en masse* to Angela Beaufort's blue wedding to Sir James Walker, at Sherborne Abbey. Mrs. Burnard, the bride's mother, held the reception at Obourne. They were married by the Rev. "Jack" T. A. Milne, now rector of the remote, lovely-sounding village of Compton Valance, and for years the Master and Huntsman of the



LORD WILLINGDON AND THE MARQUESA DE CASA MAURY AT THE OPENING OF THE PARIS CINEMA

The Marquesa de Casa Maury, formerly Mrs. Dudley Ward, is the wife of the sponsor of London's latest and very beautiful cinema theatre. It is to the Marquis de Casa Maury that London also owes the Curzon Theatre. Lord Willingdon, India's former Viceroy, was one of the brilliant assemblage which supported this performance of *La Bête Humaine*, the proceeds of which went to the Feathers' Clubs for the unemployed in London

Cattistock Hounds. His son-in-law, Major Batten, of Aldon, is taking this pack on next season, together with Captain Martyr, who was in the

Greys. The retiring Masters are both Americans, Mr. Ruxton and Mr. A. H. Higginson, who wrote two delightful books on the history of fox-hunting in the west country. Major Batten's fair-haired daughter is keenly involved in the Women's Transport Service, as is Major Huntley-Spencer's daughter from the Mendip country. Another in the W.T.S. is Cynthia Denison-Pender, who was presented at a March Court. Her eldest sister, Pamela, got back from New Zealand in time for polo at the Ferne Club, of which she is an eager member. Another enthusiast for women's polo, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, was sighted at the excellent Devon and Somerset Staghound Dance, in Minehead, which, coming after the hunt ball season, made a welcome diversion. So did the Blackmore Vale Wire Fund Ball, at Inwood, which Miss Guest lent with her usual public spirit. Next day was the B.V. point-to-point, at Sherborne, a perfect course to see from. Major Phipps-Hornby again broadcast a commentary on one race, with Major Garton taking a character part in their dialogue. The course looked well; it is the special care of Mr. Charles Gordon, seen walking with his Alsatian "June."

A new course on me, Northolt, is so amazingly comfortable, that it deserves to be called the Longchamp of London, with its flowers and boxes and beautiful beige tea-rooms and still more magnificent bars. Santa Anita itself is no better planned than this, nor more accessible to Los Angeles than Northolt to London. Many regulars gave Lingfield the go-by that day, including Mr. "Bill" Garthwaite, who expressed himself enchanted with everything, especially the Northolt gate charge, which is phenomenally reasonable. With a party of five Londoners, Mr. Garthwaite drove to Germany last month, in a shooting brake, touring ski-ing resorts which were fairly full. They found good food, including butter, at the smallest wayside inns, where it would have been impossible to send out for special fare to impress foreigners; and every one was agreeable. One Nazi told them that perhaps twenty per cent at the top of the party want war, but every one will follow my leader. Austrians, when fortified with *Schnapps*, denied they would fight for Germany, suggesting war would be the opportunity for throwing off the yoke. After another *Schnapps*, they boasted irrelevantly of having kept the Turks out of Vienna for centuries. After another cup of tea, Ralph Lynn's daughter and her fiancé found a winner, assisted by actor Edward Styles, and Miss Dorothy Paget strode into the paddock, wearing her celebrated blue tweed coat.

The celebrated Long Gallery, of Londonderry House, was packed for last week's most important charity concert at which Richard Tauber sang "*Lieder*," and the London Philharmonic septet played. The Duchess of Kent, looking exquisite in a sparkling gold dress, had Lady Brecknock and the Duchess of Buccleuch with her; H.R.H. left for a brief visit to Paris the next day.

The Duchess of Marlborough, who arrived later with the

Duke and their nice-looking débutante, who is not as tall as her parents, wore her hair a new way—rounded curls, flat against her head. Sir Alfred Beit and his fiancée, Miss Clementine Mitford, who were married three days later at Northam, Hertfordshire, were on the aisle at this concert, she wearing a duck-egg blue dress with a straight sac jacket, embroidered with beads of the same delicate shade.

The ermine parquet-sweeper of Diana Napier (Mrs. Richard Tauber) was grand-ducal.

One of last season's most successful in-aid-of balls is to be repeated—the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, of which Lord Crawford is president, will gather the Lord-Lieutenants and other prominent county people at Grosvenor House, on May 3.

This is an event which all who love the beauties of their country must surely support.



SOME MORE CELEBRITIES AT "LA BÊTE HUMAINE" PREMIÈRE

Lady Oxford and Asquith with (on right) the Princess Hohenlohe and Mr. Noel Coward and (in centre) Princess Hohenlohe's son. Jean Gabin and Simone Simon, who play the leads in the film, came over to London specially to be present at this performance. Every penny went to the Feathers' Clubs as there were no expenses

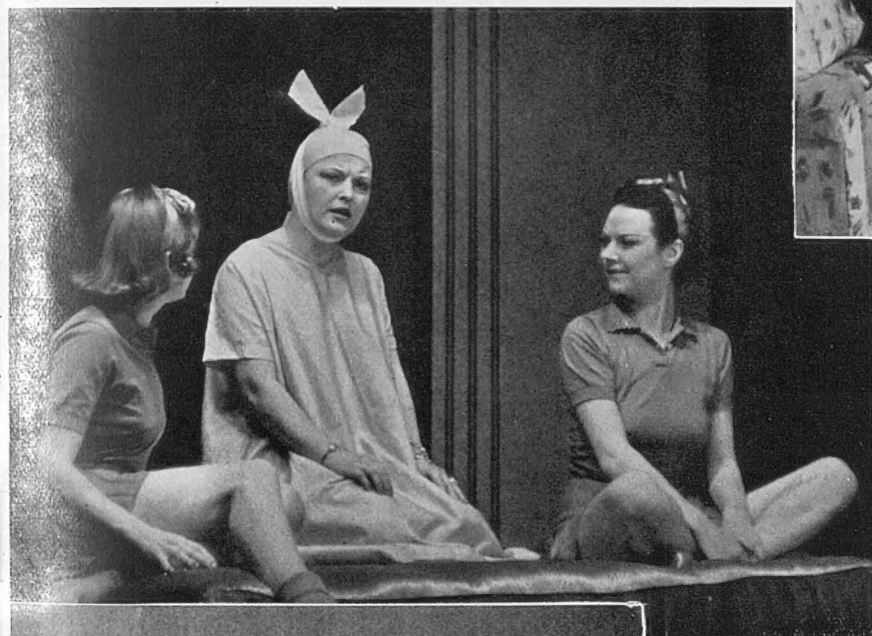
"WOMEN"— BY ONE —AND ABOUT THEM At the Lyric



MRS. WAGSTAFF (MARY McDERMOTT) HAS A PERM, WHILE MANICURIST OLGA (JUDY GRAY) GETS BUSY ON THE LEFT



CRYSTAL ALLEN (CLAIRE CARLETON) HAS A FITTING



AT RENO: MIRIAM (EFFIE AFTON) AND MARY (KAREN PETERSON) WAITING TO GET THEIR DIVORCES



RIGHT: MARY TRIUMPHS OVER CRYSTAL, THE BLONDE WHO STOLE HER HUSBAND



MARY SAYS GOOD NIGHT TO LITTLE MARY, HER DAUGHTER (JOAN GREENWOOD)

IN THE EXERCISE ROOM: RITA DAVIES, EMILY ROSS, MARY ALICE COLLINGS

There are forty characters—all "cats" but two—in *The Women*, Claire Boothe's much heralded play which, after making a terrific hit in New York, opened at the Lyric last week with every sign of being a sensational success. The all-feminine cast, in which are several members of the original New York company, is headed by Karen Peterson (in private life Mrs. Mark Ostrer) who makes a brilliant return after many years' absence from the stage. She plays Mary Haines, about the only agreeable character in an assemblage of back-biting scandal-mongers *sans merci* and *sans morals* to whom men and money are what matters. Mary Alice Collings as Sylvia, super-cat and super-gossip, starts the trouble, and reputations are relentlessly torn to shreds in beauty parlours, at the dressmaker's, in exercise salons, in fact wherever this devastating band of predatory females forgather. Cynical, frank, ruthless, but undeniably entertaining is London's latest and most sophisticated play, which Gilbert Miller presents. There was a packed and exceedingly smart house for the first night, photographs of which will appear in next week's issue



CHARLES LAUGHTON, MAUREEN O'HARA AND
ROBERT NEWTON IN "JAMAICA INN"

In this new Pommer-Laughton production Charles Laughton plays the rôle of the Squire with Maureen O'Hara, the lovely young discovery, in the feminine lead. Robert Newton has the part of Jem, and Alfred Hitchcock has been responsible for the direction of this very charming story by Daphne du Maurier. The film opens at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, on May 12. Following *Jamaica Inn*, this company are shortly starting work on *The Admirable Crichton*.

I HAVE often wondered why when people talk to me of Zola I always find myself thinking of George Moore. It seems to me strange that I should think of Moore instead of thinking of Zola; for at first sight nothing can be more far apart than the English mind and the French. And always I find the reason for this strange divagation. It is that as a boy I took up and was duly flabbergasted by a certain chapter in Moore's *Impressions and Opinions*. The chapter is entitled "My Impressions of Zola," and what Moore failed to perceive was that what it actually conveyed was Zola's impressions of Moore. Moore may have been a great writer—probably was. No man whose style is as cumbersome, ornate and lifeless as a marble mantelpiece can be other than a great writer. But Moore was many things besides being a prize essayist. He was, for example, a prize donkey. To judge from his early books, Moore as a young man lived in Manet's bosom. Years afterwards somebody asked Manet if he remembered Moore, and the great painter replied: "Ce pauvre George Moore, il était si embêtant!" Now here, for the sheer pleasure of transcribing it, is the opening to Moore's "My Impressions of Zola": "Manet had persuaded me to go to the *bal de l'Assommoir* dressed as a Parisian workman, for he enjoyed incongruities, and the blouse and the casquette, with my appearance and my accent, appealed to his imagination. 'There is no Frenchman living in London who occupies the same position as you do in Paris,' he said, and I pondered over his words as I followed him through *tout Paris* assembled at the Elysée Montmartre, for the ball given in honour of the play that was being performed at the Ambigu. 'But I must introduce you to Zola. There he is,' he said, pointing to a thickly built, massive man in evening clothes for, as Manet said, a serious writer cannot be expected to put on fancy dress. Zola bowed and passed on, chilling us a little; Manet would have liked to watch him struggling into a new acquaintanceship, and we walked on together conscious of our failure, myself thinking how pleasant it would have been to have gone with them into a corner, and talked art for half an hour, 'and what a wonderful memory it would have been!' I thought, and begged Manet a few minutes later to come with me in search of Zola. But he was nowhere to be found."

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

A Masterpiece

What a cartoon our finest taster in the absurdities of great men would have made of this! But even Mr. Beerbohm, who in his *Christmas Garland* did a perfect pastiche of our beloved donkey, could not have revealed him better than does this passage. Note all that it contains—Manet's delight in seeing his fish-faced friend make a fool of himself in public, and Zola's more than instantaneous scenting of a prize bore! "Let's go and find him," says Moore, and Zola is nowhere to be found. It is superb, and Moore doesn't see it.

And now I really must be getting to what is supposed to be the subject of this article, the film of Zola's *La Bête Humaine* with which the new Paris Cinema in Lower Regent Street opened on Thursday in last week. This is one of the finest films I have ever seen in any language. It is full of a strange beauty, genuine horror, and an unusual excitement. It is a film which should be, and probably is, marked "For Adults Only," though not for the usual prudish reasons. It is a film for adult intelligences treated in an adult manner. In case the reader has forgotten Zola's plot let me remind him that it deals with an engine driver called Lantier who, because his father and grandfather drank too much, suffers from recurrent attacks of homicidal epilepsy, very much as Ibsen's Oswald Alving owed something else to his father's passion for oysters! Odd how both Ibsen and Zola drew the right inferences from the wrong data! This is probably because both were living at a date when data were impermissible. Anyhow, the engine driver is unable to marry his fiancée for fear his love-embraces should turn into a stranglehold. Instead he caresses the brow and pets the flanks of his railway engine until such time as he makes the acquaintance of the station master, Roubaud, and his pretty wife, Séverine. At least I think Roubaud is a station master, though the "literature" about this film suggests that he is a level-crossing keeper. In any case neither the crossing keeper nor his wife are on the level. For she was formerly the mistress of her godfather, a wealthy magnate, whom with his wife's connivance Roubaud presently murders in the train on which Lantier is going to work. Wherefore the Roubauds owe their safety to Lantier who has seen them in the corridor just after the murder. And presently Séverine, who is a Lady Macbeth in miniature, tries to get Lantier to murder her husband. Instead epilepsy supervenes, and Lantier in an attack of uncontrollable frenzy kills Séverine who is by this time his mistress. After which, of course, there is nothing for Lantier to do except throw himself from the cab of his engine travelling at top speed.

The magnificence of this film is shown by the fact that in the last few minutes Jean Gabin does not need to seem to act. We have been inside his brain all the time and know what is going on there. How different if Hollywood had had the making of this story! For no Hollywood star, except possibly Paul Muni, has any brain for us to get into. Wherefore we should have been given flash-backs emerging to the murderer out of the engine smoke. But then long before this Simone Simon would have been treated to a joy-ride on that engine, wearing dungarees. And we reflect how well placed would have been that smut on her left cheek! Yes, this is a grand film, and that is all there is to be said about it! The lesser parts are played with the astonishing brilliancy we have come to expect in all French films, and Pierre Ledoux of the Comédie Française makes of Roubaud a marvellous study in the sick and haggard worries that must beset the murderer everywhere but in fiction and the films.

I apologize to readers for not dealing this week with *The Four Feathers* at the Odeon. I have ample justification for postponing my notice. The film made from Mr. A. E. W. Mason's novel is sure of its public for weeks, possibly months, to come, and discussion of its quality can afford to wait. Whereas there is danger that *La Bête Humaine*, being a first-rate masterpiece, may not get the audiences it immediately demands.

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H.E. THE FINNISH MINISTER, GEORG GRIPENBERG AND LORD PLYMOUTH



BARON WREDE (A FINNISH TRADE DELEGATE), MR. HENRY Mc. G. BELL (THE FINNISH CONSUL) AND MME. GRIPENBERG



THE RT. HON. ROBERT SPEAR HUDSON, M.P., AND MRS. T. M. SNOW



LADY LAVINIA DUNDAS AND
LIEUT.-COLONEL A. F. FENTON



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACDONOGH AND MRS. REGINALD GARNETT CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE CAMERA DURING THE RECEPTION AT LANSDOWNE HOUSE



SIR ROWLAND AND LADY SPERLING
BOTH FORMERLY AT HELSINGFORS

This reception, dinner, and later, dance, which was held at the Lansdowne Club, Berkeley Square, was in special honour of the Finnish Trade Delegation which has been visiting us mainly as a result, as may be surmised, of the reconnaissance carried out by our very able "Trade Ambassador-General," Mr. R. S. Hudson, the Member for Southport, whose extensive tour has not been undertaken for nothing, let us hope. Baron Wrede, a prominent member of the Finnish Delegation, is in the centre group at the top with the consort of the Finnish Minister and Mr. H. Mc. G. Bell, who is the Finnish Consul-General in London; all look rather startled by the glassy eye of the camera. His Excellency himself is in the next door picture with Lord Plymouth who must be as glad as the next man that the war in Spain is over. He was Chairman of the Non-Intervention Committee. Mrs. T. M. Snow, who is with Mr. Hudson, is the wife of H.B.M.'s Minister in Helsingfors. Sir George Macdonogh (see lower down) has also a Helsingfors connexion for his wife is the former Miss Aline Borgstrom of that city. The General was head of the Eyes and Ears Department at the W.O. during the last war. Sir Rowland Sperling was in Helsingfors for five years as Consul-General and Lady Lavinia Dundas, seen with Colonel Fenton, is the younger daughter of the Secretary of State for India, Lord Zetland

RACING RAGOUT by "Guardrail"



"I GOTTA NORSE!"

The Prince Monolulu snapped at one of his busiest moments—at Epsom. It is safe to say that the famous prophet is known from Kempton to Kamchatka, and from Newmarket to New Guinea

MOST racing men of twenty years' service or so develop a pithy piece of advice to their juniors. One well-known sportsman of fifty years ago sent for his son on his death-bed and struggling for breath thus adjured him to carry on the good name and fortunes of the family. "My son," he said, "my time is short, I have made many mistakes and can only give you three pieces of advice I have proved to be sound. Never lay the odds, never travel at night completely sober, and never hunt south of the Thames." And so he passed on to his Stygian crossing, as sober as some judges, to ride across the Elysian fields bang up to a pack of Cerberus on the northern or grass side of the Styx. More than one elderly turfite betting on the tape in dollars with a more than suspicious hall porter, has handed me the trite saying that no sane man races before the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, or after Goodwood, but they have never explained how to extract a living from a flinty-hearted world up to and after those dates. At any rate win, lose or draw, there couldn't have been a more enjoyable meeting than this year's Craven Meeting at Newmarket, and if the punter didn't show a profit, well the racing was first-class, the sun shone and anyway money is only counters, and generally white bone ones at that at the end of an evening in any casino. In this connexion I must award a mention for dogged tenacity to one of our most attractive race-goers, who flew straight to the course from a session at that glamorous Casino du Forêt at Le Touquet, looking as fresh and well as a daisy. Having flown there on Good Friday, which sadly belied its name, she played practically without ceasing through Indifferent Saturday, Very Moderate Sunday, Rotten Monday and Coal Black Tuesday, to arrive at Newmarket on Glorious Wednesday in her remaining mink coat just in time to get the lot back on Aurora, America and Lightship. Never turned a plait either.

No one who cares about the horses themselves could have failed to enjoy the meeting. Probably nothing of any note in the way of two-year-olds put in an appearance, but owing to the open winter a large number of good three-year-olds were on view and while I will always listen with patience to yarns about giants of the past I doubt if we shall ever see a better race than that between Panorama and Portobello. Two great unbeaten sprinters admirably ridden, finishing with only a head between them, which would you back next time?

I sincerely hope we shall see them again at Ascot and elsewhere

in competition. Panorama is one of the best-looking horses racing today, but Portobello was the more backward, and if he can be built up over his back I think he will be the better of the two.

Aurora, Control, who so unluckily galloped into the rails at Sandown last year, Portmarnock, who was perhaps taking on a big job at the weights, Tamworth, Fox Cub, Blue Peter, Signal Light and Wheatland, besides half a dozen others made the meeting for the horse lover.

Signal Light is a grand horse, but perhaps for Epsom purposes not quite good enough on his forelegs. Fox Cub is hard to fault as is Blue Peter. Wheatland is what a horse should be in every respect, but the weight he was giving away over that severe mile was excessive. Triquero is said to be his equal but if so his running belied it.

Casanova ran at Lingfield. Out of that wonderful mare Double Life, who was a smasher herself and bred Precipitation, he hasn't grown much since last year, but he is a charmingly turned horse and not fully wound up ran a great race. I am inclined to think that we have a vintage three-year-old year and even if there is not one outstanding individual, the general average will be found to be very high. The upper slopes of the Free Handicap were so full of sprinters that I do not think we shall see many of them figuring in the Classics, and it will be noticed that most of the most likely classic horses had very little or no racing last year.

The Greenham Stakes at Newbury is so often a false guide that Fairstone is hard to sum up. I think the Guineas will be a desperate race worth going fifty miles to see, and provided the going remains good Signal Light

(Continued on page xxii)



"LILLIBULLERO" THE METROPOLITAN WINNER—COMING IN

A winner and at a very nice price too—100 to 6—and the lucky owner Mr. James de Rothschild. The jockey was B. Lynch and the margin a nice three lengths



AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT 'CHASES RUN AT ALDERTON, WILTS.

Sir Derrick Gunston, Member for the Thornbury Division of Gloucestershire, in the paddock talking over the situation with Mrs. Macadam at this very excellent meeting. They had a good course, good going and plenty of runners. Alderton is not far from Badminton the seat of the famous Master of the Beaufort, the Duke

SPORT-LIGHT ON THREE COUNTRIES



Poole, Dublin

CAPTAIN AND MRS. SPENCER FREEMAN
AT THE NAVAN MEETING

Poole, Dublin

ALSO SOME MORE IRISH OWNERS AT NAVAN: MR. P. DUNNE
CULLINAN, LORD FINGALL, AND SIR JAMES NELSONLADY CECILIA FITZROY
AT EDINBURGH

Truman Howell

AT THE NORTH HEREFORDS' MEETING: MAJOR
J. DE C. VAUGHAN, MR. BROOKE JOYNSON,
M.F.H., AND SIR RICHARD COTTERELLLORD AND LADY REAY
AT MUSSELBURGH

Truman Howell

MORE NORTH HEREFORD PATRONS: THE HON.
MRS. ROBERT DEVEREUX, WITH THE HON. MILO
AND THE HON. BRIDGET DEVEREUX

Ireland, England and Scotland provided the originals for the pictures on this page, of which the photographers managed to make a good job, in spite of poor visibility and damp and murky weather. They had pretty good fun at the Navan, Co. Meath, jumping meeting, and good fields. Captain Spencer Freeman is a more or less recent recruit to the ranks of Ireland's owners, and is one who gets up and rides his own on occasion. So, of course, used Lord Fingall, and he does so still, occasionally. Mr. Cullinan had "West Point" running in our Grand National, and used to ride very well point-to-pointing, till a cracking fall a few years ago. Sir James Nelson's name is a household one. The Edinburgh Spring Meeting pictures include the youngest daughter of the eighth Duke of Grafton and the tallest member of the Peerage, the chieftain of the Clan Mackay and Lady Reay. If the North Herefordshire had a disgusting, cold and boisterous day for their point-to-point they made up for it in other ways. It was a bumper success—thirty hunts represented, and the M.F.H. had every reason to look pleased (see above, with Major Vaughan and Sir Richard Cotterell). The Hon. Milo Devereux (with mother and sister) is the grandson and heir of Lord Hereford



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH

A reproduction of the painting by Mr. Edmund Brock, the well-known society portrait artist, who is holding an exhibition of from sixty to eighty of his works at the New Burlington Galleries, opening on May 1 and lasting for about three weeks. H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth celebrated her thirteenth birthday on April 21

Love for Thrillers.

I DO wish I understood the psychological reason for the yearning to be morbidly thrilled at all costs. Especially in these times, when every day holds its ominous excitement. One has only to open any newspaper to obtain, or so one would imagine, a sufficient meed of horror to satisfy any craving, however ghoulish. Not so, apparently. A man has only to be hanged, for the whole road outside the prison gates to be filled by women with their perambulators, idle men, hysterical girls, and children. Oh, if only, they seem to say, we could manage to get inside! It is all utterly revolting, but apparently this desire to feed upon pain and horror is part of humanity's natural make-up. Look what a crowd gathers, seemingly from nowhere, the moment someone is run over in the street! There is not the least desire to be helpful, but there is an enormous desire to see the flowing blood.

In a milder form it is the same when a perfectly natural death occurs in the house. The number of almost complete strangers who will try to lead up to a relation of full details concerning the earthly departure of the late lamented, even though it is disguised as sympathy, is one of the surprises of human loss. The more trivial newspapers supply this morbid gloating in columns of vivid, and often fictitious, description. Well, that is that—but why? That's what always puzzles me. Exactly which spiritual content does horror and suffering satisfy? Does it give comfort to the onlookers, who in it find greater happiness by realising that they are comparatively well off? Does it lend a kind of temporary *éclat* among one's associates to know that fate, ignoring all others, permitted one to be, so to speak, in at the death? Thus adding, as it were, to one's own self-importance.

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Honestly, whichever way I try to look at it, the solution is a mean and beastly one. If life were all a bed of roses I could understand the craving better. Variety, always providing it knows when to stop, as it applies to us, is at least one of the spices of existence. But, as most of life's varieties is from bad to worse, with a very few pleasant surprises to leaven the whole, one would have thought that the human inclination would be to avoid unnecessary horror, rather than to crowd around it! However, I appear to be wrong. There is a deeper psychological meaning in it all than I have as yet fathomed. Else, why will the most childish drama of murder and vampires, dead bodies and coffins stand every chance to make a profit, while a play dealing with an everyday problem of life, realistically written, usually has loss written all over it, so to speak, from the rise of the curtain? And novels of murder, mystery, sudden death and sliding panels have a public ready made for them, no matter how far-fetched and idiotic may be their themes.

Perhaps the solution of it all is that ninety per cent. of human beings grow older without ever growing up, and those who do grow up don't grow up altogether. There is always a part of us which still adores fairy-tales, though they may be disguised for adult consumption, and still responds to that thrill-which-was-never-actual-danger when Mamma, in an effort to amuse us, pretended to be an angry policeman or a giant. So this week I have been reading two stories which should appeal to a vast public, not only because they are full of thrills and excitement, but because they are excellent examples of their kind. One is "Puzzle for Players" (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.); by Patrick Quentin, who wrote "Puzzle for Fools"; the other, John Kent's "Give Me Liberty" (Ward, Lock; 7s. 6d.), which won the *Daily Mirror* prize of £250 for the best thriller.

Mr. Kent deals in villains, Mr. Quentin in creeps. The opening scene is in an old New York theatre, which is full of rats and has the reputation for being not only unlucky, but haunted. A play, very appropriately named "Troubled Waters," is in rehearsal. It is hoped that it will provide the successful comeback of Peter Duluth, who is producing it. The company is all busy rehearsing, when the oddest things begin to happen. Mirrors in the dressing-rooms are found cracked, a cat with a direful message of disaster strung around its neck wanders on to the stage, one of the leading ladies sees a "figure," and an old actor is found dead after witnessing such a tortured reflection in the mirror as could only be the ghost of the actress who, some years previously, had been found murdered in that very dressing-room. And when I say that the play, "Troubled Waters," was most appropriately entitled, here is a short list of the major problems (there were lots of minor ones) which faced the unfortunate producer long before his curtain was rung up:—

(1) A homicide concealed from the police; (2) Roland Gates (ex-husband of the leading lady, Mirabelle Rue blackmailer, if not much more); (3) Uncle George Kramer (uncle of the author and a very definite villain); (4) a malignant Siamese cat; (5) a lady with a light tan fur (seemingly a ghost); (6) a gentleman with a mask of modelling clay (otherwise the leading actor, who had just recovered from a terrific accident and whose half-brother is insane as a result of the same disaster); (7) someone who lets rats out of traps; (8) Gerald Gwynne (leading juvenile) who wants to go to Hollywood; (9) Mirabelle (leading lady), who's scared of something, who's got

(Continued on page 154.)



Howard Barrett

FROM THE SOUTH NOTTS COUNTRY

The holders of a wonderful record and the two oldest hunt members, Sir Lancelot Rolleston, who was born in 1847, and Mr. Plumb. Together their record with the South Notts Hunt totals 110 years. Sir Lancelot was a Master of the South Notts as long ago as 1876, when he and Mr. P. H. Cooper succeeded the famous Mr. John Chaworth-Musters. Mr. Plumb was hunting with Sir Lancelot over fifty years ago, and his name is perpetuated in the Belvoir country by the famous Saturday-country covert, "Moss and Plumb," Mr. Moss having been his brother-in-law

NEW YORK SPRING SEASON: EL MOROCCO OCCASIONS



JOKE OVER: LORD DALHOUSIE
AND MISS MARY LAMBERT



MR. DORLAND DOYLE WITH
MRS. ROBERT FILMER WILSON



AURIOL LEE, ENGLISH ACTRESS AND
PRODUCER, DANCING WITH A FRIEND



THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER
WITH MR. STUART SYMINGTON



IRENE DUNNE, FILM LOVELY, IN
AN EQUALLY LOVELY WHITE DRESS

America seems to have drawn very near us in these latter days—for our united state of mind on world affairs, glory be—and the number of Britons lately to be found in New York has been outstanding. At El Morocco, where they all turn up sooner or later, our camera observed the Duchess of Westminster being highly entertained by Mr. Stuart Symington; bachelor Lord Dalhousie, who is in the Scots Guards Reserve of Officers, dancing with the cheerful



DRINKING PINK CHAMPAGNE: JOAN
CRAWFORD, WITH MR. STANLEY KAHN

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adrian V. S. Lambert of New York; that clever English actress and producer Auriol Lee also stepping out; and Mrs. Robert Filmer Wilson, the former Lady Jersey, supping with an American host. Mrs. Filmer Wilson's husband, whom she married in September 1937, is the youngest son of Major Arthur Wilson, the Squire of Tranby Croft in Yorkshire, and a nephew through his mother of the late Sir Edmund Filmer. The world of screen stars was also well represented at El Morocco on this particular night by Irene Dunne (her latest picture, *Love Affair*, with Charles Boyer, is now showing at the Carlton), and by Joan Crawford, who drank pink champagne to match her dress. Joan Crawford's divorce from Franchot Tone was lately granted; her former husband, Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, was in the news last week, through the announcement of his engagement to Mrs. Mary Lee Hartford, rich young socialite, and the marriage may have taken place by the time these words appear

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

a damn phony brandy bottle and who'll probably have a nervous breakdown; (10) Conrad Wessler (leading man), who's almost blind, who is the probable victim of some obscure plot, who's probably going "nuts" like his half-brother; (11) Theo ffoulkes, second leading lady, who's got a cough and will probably die; (12) Peter Duluth (producer), who at any minute "is going to order a case of Scotch, lock himself in a padded cell, and burst into tears." Which, as I wrote above, is only a short list.

Among the additions is the man who took the part of the old actor who was found dead; he was murdered by being shut up in a property coffin and thus asphyxiated by the poisonous fumes intended to kill rats. In fact, the whole plot is a terrific embroglio of crime, mystery, violence and blackmail. It all works out satisfactorily—if not wholly convincingly, perhaps—towards the end, and, apart from other considerations, it surely fulfils the last trump of a successful thriller by making it well-nigh impossible for the reader to guess who is the chief instigator of all these terrifying happenings until the author actually reveals it in his own good time.

The Second Thriller.

John Kent's "Give Me Liberty" is more in the Edgar Wallace tradition. For me, however, its main virtue lies in the way it is told—in the gayest of American idiom which at times touches wit. Here, again, the real culprit is so well disguised that I defy anybody, especially if they haven't read a story called "Mystery on the Downs," coming within a mile of a correct guess. Not for a thoroughly entertained reader of this class of fiction to ask questions, perhaps, but I was much puzzled by Mr. Kent's heroine. Was she really in love in the beginning with Major Keith Lynton, the man who tells the story, as he was in love with her? And, if so, why on earth did she marry the utterly villainous Sir Montague Pose, head of an international white slave traffic? Granted he had doped her to win her, and granted that he continued to dope her to keep her, she was quite sufficiently hard-boiled in between the dopes to deal with a man like her husband, whose villainy was so obvious that a child might have accused him.

However, about three brave men were out to rescue her from Sir Montague's clutches, and eventually death succeeded in making her free—only to marry the least expected of the trio. Of course, Sir Montague was murdered—murdered so mysteriously that several people lived for a time under the gravest suspicion. Who the murderer turned out to be will certainly flabbergast most readers, though the evidence is convincing enough when once it is nakedly revealed. This, then, is a first-class thriller of the second class, so to speak. Its chief fault—and this is the only thing that prevents it from going into the higher grade—is that all the characters are, and talk, so much alike that you keep forgetting who they are if they don't appear on the scene for several pages. But that is a common fault in thrillers, except the very best. The characters have so conscientiously to conform to the plot that they are apt to lose their identity—becoming like screws and bolts in a big machine. However, most people read thrillers for their plots alone, and these will have a delightful mental romp while reading "Give Me Liberty."

And, as I wrote above, it is so gaily written that you are amused even when you aren't feeling quite as excited as you think you ought to be.

Thoughts from "Give Me Liberty."

"There is a saving element of excitement in a crisis, but a suspended crisis is intolerable."

"Before marriage a woman puts scent behind her ears. After marriage she contents herself with putting grease on her nose."

"The best way to avoid a breaking strain is to slack off when you see it coming."

"The man who tells you he gets on well with children and dogs is usually a public menace."

A Complete Contrast.

Absolutely the most complete contrast to these two books is Helen Douglas Irvine's "Fray Mario" (Longmans; 6s.). Here is a beautifully written little story which the publishers compare to Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey." And, indeed, there is a certain resemblance—in the manner in which it is written, in the back-ground against which the tale is related, in its general effect upon the imagination—like watching the unfolding of a lovely, yet somewhat "self-conscious" piece of old Spanish tapestry. Where it differs from the earlier book is that it has a less original story to tell.

It is the tale of a young man who grew up wild and, in the opinion of his saintly family, wicked. Nevertheless, he is attracted to a religious order in Spain, only to discover later that he is a failure as a novice in a Franciscan friary. For him the wandering life of the gypsy ballad-monger. A singer of lovely poetry outside taverns, with the country for his home and the birds for his company. Moreover, his life is mixed up with the lovely La Perricholi, a famous actress growing old, and the mistress of the Viceroy. Something within their natures draws them irresistibly together, even though fate places them so much apart, and nature, so much a mixture of contradictory inclinations, weaves for each a different pattern of existence. So the woman eventually goes back to her powerful lover and Mario "of the third order of Saint Francis" dies. This is, of course, only a very brief outline of a story which is

chiefly remarkable for the exquisite way in which it is told. It is not, so to speak, the savour of the plot which is so satisfying as the savour of the beauty of words and pictures. In these days of haunting anxiety, "Fray Mario" is a lovely respite.

An Enchanting Child's Book.

I don't see why children's books should not be published at all times of the year, even though Christmas may be the peak season. Consequently, there should be a great success for Miss Dorothy Burroughes' enchantingly illustrated book, "The House the Moles Built" (Hutchinson; 5s.). As a story it is amusing and charming to a degree, and every small child will surely find it so; as a book of pictures it is quite delightful, especially the many coloured ones. For a birthday present for a young child I can think of no happiness-giving book published this long while since to surpass it.



Bassano

MRS. RICHARD PURCELL BLOW

The wedding of the former Miss Diana Bethell to Mr. Richard Purcell Blow took place at St. Paul's Cathedral on April 24, and the subsequent reception was held at 5, Carlton House Terrace. The bride is the daughter of Captain Adrian Bethell, the well-known Holderness joint-M.F.H., and of the Hon. Mrs. James Beck.

TABARIN—LONDON AND PARIS



"UN VRAI PARADIS" AT THE PARIS TABARIN: EVE (PEPINA), ADAM (TOBLERO), THE DEVIL (JERRY GREY) AND THE SERPENT (JEANNE FRANCIS)

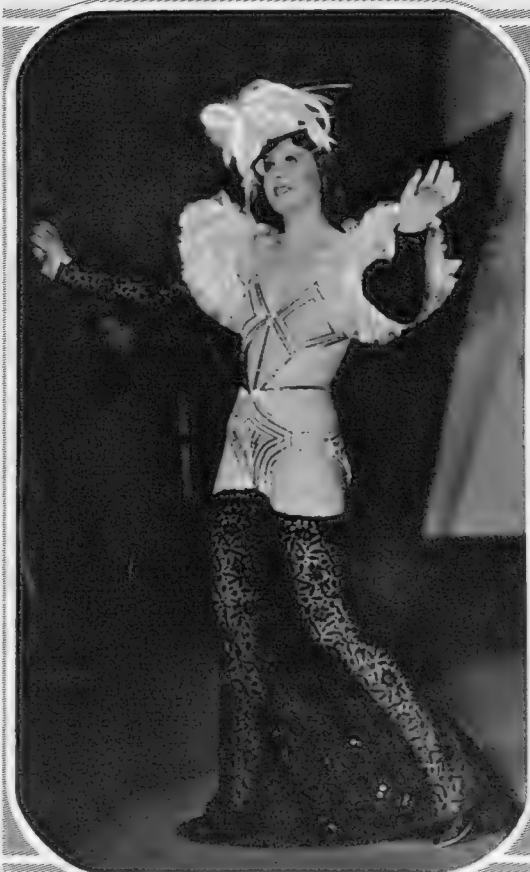


AT THE BAL TABARIN IN LONDON: THE NEW FRENCH REVUE

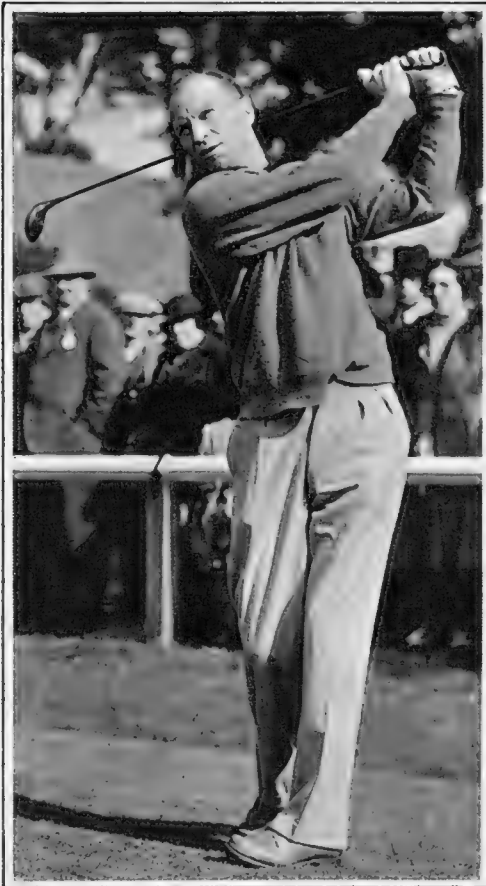


ELIZABETH DELL ADAMI—THE GIRL WITH FOUR FACES: THE BAL TABARIN REVUE AT THE LONDON CASINO

Paris and London are here compared, and as London is really "from" Paris, there is really not much to compare. In Paris they do the historic occasion in the Garden of Eden thoroughly well and realistically. The moment, of course, is after the incident of the apple. Steve Geray makes our London Bal Tabarin Revue at the London Casino a very bright show, and he is aided in his witty compère-ing by many beautiful people, such as those seen in these few pictorial excerpts. A bright entertainment. The lady on the cavorting rocking-horse at the London Bal Tabarin would be in danger of the steed were it a live one



ONE OF THE SPECIALITY DANCERS (BOBBIE BARRETT) AT THE LONDON CASINO REVUE



A STUDY OF ARCHIE COMPSTON

It is good news to hear that this great golfer is getting back to form again, after his long and trying illness. Archie Compston started his golfing career at the age of sixteen, at Kidderminster, and from then onwards it can be said with all truth that he never looked back

episode in the earlier rounds.

This year it was against Rugby. At two matches all, Jack Thompson and Gerald Weare were all square with one to play against Hugh Gow and John Duncan—the sort of position that, if one plays low down in the side, is liable to haunt one's dreams. Whoever lost the next hole must put his school out of the tournament. On the eighteenth Charterhouse were outplayed all the way. While Rugby were playing steadily up the middle, finally stopping six feet short of the hole in three, Charterhouse hooked their drive, hacked it out far enough to get over the brook, over-ran the green, and pitched back about four feet away. Gow, with a bold putt, just lipped the hole, Thompson sank his four-footer, and off everyone ran to the nineteenth. Two fine seconds by Thompson and Duncan characterised the play here, and away they went to the twentieth.

Here was a comedy of errors. "You could write a whole book on the play at that hole,"

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

SO the Carthusians have won the Halford Hewitt tournament once again, for the fifth time in six years. To me our team never looks quite so formidable on paper as some of the other schools', though a good many assure me that I am wrong, but psychologically, perhaps, they seem to have a little something the others haven't got. I don't profess to know what it is. Like most winners, they usually have their fair share of the luck. Nor do they ever seem to get through without some hair-raising

said a shrewd cynic when all was over—and so you could. Charterhouse hit a good one and Duncan topped miserably into the thick stuff in front of the tee. Clearly the end of Rugby. Gow got him out and Weare's second pitched well short and then rolled on and on until finally it disappeared, amid Carthusian groans, into the little gully behind the green. Rugby played a similar stroke and this, too, crept onwards towards the gully. Cries of "Stop! Stop!" from Rugby and "Go on! Go on!" from Charterhouse—and the ball stuck precariously on the top. The Carthusians might still get down in two, but, alas! Thompson looked up too soon with his run-up and the ball all but ran back to his feet again. Half in five. Then at the twenty-first, Duncan, aided and abetted by the advice of his partner, made an error in tactics that cost them the match. He tried, as so many have tried before him and so many will try in the future, to carry the cross bunkers with a spoon from the rough, when a mashie was all that was required. He left the ball short of them, while Thompson, a "natural" golfer if ever there was one, hit a terrific slam to the left of the green. Hope ran high for Charterhouse but drooped noticeably when a patch of impenetrable whins was seen lurking in the sand-hills where the ball had probably pitched. Eventually it was found by a Rugby supporter, deep in some lush grass. Nothing but a "blaster" would have shifted it, but luckily Weare had one to hand and with it he played a ridiculously successful stroke over a bank and on to the green. Personally, I thought he would do well to move the ball five yards. Finally he holed a five-footer that crept in by the "back door," and Charterhouse were through once more.

A refreshing feature of this desperate conclusion was the whole-hearted "barracking" that went on during the last few holes. I often wish it were more frequent. But golfers are proper in their ways and such displays of emotion are frowned upon in the best circles. Cry "Good shot!" to an Englishman when he lays his brassie shot dead beside the hole and he replies modestly, "Oh, I don't know," when in fact, he is tickled to death. I much prefer the attitude of the American who replied: "I'll say it was!"

When I watch golf I like to be at liberty to applaud a fellow when he holes a putt. Such applause can scarcely

be misconstrued as a demonstration of hostility towards his opponent. If the opponent also holes, I like to give him an equally enthusiastic "hand." But supposing he misses—I can scarcely any longer give voice to my congratulations to the first man. That might indeed be taken amiss. What fun it must have been to watch some of the old challenge matches in Scotland, where each side had its vociferous claue, applauding its meanest efforts and hooting wholeheartedly at the misfortunes of the opposition! Some of this spirit of full-blooded enmity survives in Scotland, but now it only makes the "news-story" for the day. I wish some enterprising tournament promoter would organise an "all-in" competition where barracking was encouraged by player and spectator alike. The power of suggestion is greater, perhaps, in golf than in any other game.



Balmain

THE SCOTTISH BOYS' GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT NORTH BERWICK

This match, which is limited to boys under eighteen, drew a very good entry of 56, the final being played off over 36 holes, and was won by K. W. Walker (Harrow and Inverness), who beat J. M. Steel (Douglas Park) by 9 and 8. Mrs. Speir, wife of Colonel Guy Speir, captain of the New Club at North Berwick, presented the cup and prizes. The above group is of the semi-finalists; they are (l. to r.) I. D. M. Considine (Merchiston Castle), J. M. Steel (Douglas Park), K. W. Walker (Harrow and Inverness) and P. R. Bryce (Duddingstone)

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



WARREN GOLF CLUB, DAWLISH, DEVON-BY "MEL"

The Warren Golf Club is situated on a narrow peninsula at the mouth of the Exe, and at first glance it seems impossible that there is enough ground for an eighteen-hole course, but there is, and a mighty good one, too. The seaside turf is excellent, and the layout and general situation all tend to make this course a joy to play on throughout the year. On the links one may find a pretty little flower, rarely found elsewhere—the Jersey crocus—which simply cannot be transplanted. The Club was first formed in 1892, as a nine-hole course, which was extended to eighteen in 1904. There are about 275 members, including many from London and elsewhere. With the river on one side and the open sea on the other, this spot is truly delightful

NEXT WEEK: LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GOLFING SOCIETY BALL.

ON WITH THE FUN



AT THE MAY FAIR REOPENING: PRINCESS
NATASHA BAGRATION AND PRINCE OBOLENSKY



MISS JEANNE STUART
AND HER CIGAR



MR. DEREK CROSTHWAITE AND
MRS. JOHN DE LÁSZLÓ



MR. LEWIS CIVVAL AND LADY TICHBORNE



AND MRS. ESMOND BARING, LADY TICHBORNE'S TWIN,
WITH MR. E. C. S. PRYCE



MISS SARAH NORTON AND THE HON. MARK TENNYSON

The cry ought not to be "Are we down-hearted?" but "Why should we be *now*?" Some people know the reason—others (including the Axis) do not. The reopening party at the May Fair Hotel did not display any sign of any infection by the jitter-bug—again, why should it? The fastest Blue Oxford has ever had is seen with a very charming opposite number, the Princess Natasha Bagration, who is a countrywoman of his. The former Peggy Cruise (now Mrs. John de László), hard-riding daughter of the famous surgeon who keeps an eye on us, Sir Dick Cruise, is now wife of the son of that renowned artist who is such a loss to the world at large. The Hon. Mark Tennyson is the younger son of someone who is Lionel to most, that cheery person Lord Tennyson, and all the rest of the people at this thoroughly good party are well-knowns. Lady Tichborne and her sister, Mrs. Esmond Baring, are the twin daughters of Sir Harold and Lady Snagge



Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON

A lifelike new representation of the younger of Caledonia's two extremely popular Canadian Peeresses. Like her sister, Lady Minto, Lady Haddington is greatly attached to Scotland and happily spends many months of the year at Mellerstain, one of her husband's two Border homes. When they come South to London, Charles Street is their address. They have one daughter, Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, a very bonnie young person born in 1934. Lord Haddington, twelfth Earl, who served in the Great War with the Scots Greys (wounded, M.C.) and is a Brigadier of the Royal Company of Archers (the King's Bodyguard for Scotland), has plenty of sporting proclivities and rode his own horse, Merriment IV., in the Grand National of 1933.

At the Coronation Lord Haddington carried the Ivory Rod of Her Majesty the Queen

THEY STILL GO ON JUMPING



AT THE HOLDERNESS MEETING: MR. JACK HARRISON-BROADLEY ON "GOLD BAR"



PART OF THE GALLERY: MISS M. OSBORNE, MRS. LYCETT-GREEN, AND MRS. LEAF



A WINNER: MR. C. LEONARD ON THE M.F.H.'S "NERY"



BLANKNEY: A GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN, THE HON. MRS. JAMES HOWARD, LADY PRISCILLA WILLOUGHBY AND THE HON. JAMES HOWARD



MR. BILLY RANSOM WINS ON "HONEYMUG" HIS SECOND WINNER



MORE HOLDERNESS: MISS PAT COLLINS, MISS ALICE CLITHEROW, MRS. BETHELL, AND MRS. WICKHAM-BOYNTON

Things in the world of sport carry on quite undeterred by the earthquake tremors, and this is an extremely good advertisement of the national nerve, which, as usual, is excellent. At the Holderness meeting at Pockington, everything went well bar the weather, which behaved in a thoroughly second-class manner. It rained stair-rod, especially during the Ladies' 'Chase, which was won by Miss Clitherow on her own "Gonzalo." For younger daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Clitherow see picture at bottom, in the group with Mrs. Adrian Bethell and Mrs. Tom Wickham-Boynton, both of whose husbands are intimately connected with the Holderness government. Captain Bethell had a winner (see above) in the Members', and Captain Harrison-Broadley, also a Holderness M.F.H., owned the runner-up, "Gold Bar," a 2-to-1-on shot, but the 13 st. stopped him. As to Blankney happenings at Boothby Graffoe, they also had dirty weather. Lady Priscilla Willoughby, who is engaged to Sir John Aird, had a ride in the Ladies' Race on "Mickey's Bargain," but he finished amongst the vanquished. Mr. Billy Ransom, the secretary of the meeting, had a real day out, as he rode the first two winners in the card. He is seen on Captain G. Clayton's "Honeymug," and the other one was Mr. W. Waddington's "Hillside Maid"

Photos: Howard Barrett

THE NEW FOREST



LORD DARLING AND MISS BROOKE
SUM UP THE SITUATION



MR. PETER POTTER AND
THE HON. ANNE SCOTT

HUNT BALL PARTY



LADY CONGLETON AND MR. G. A. DRABBLE
SIT ONE OUT



THE HON. MRS. EDWARD PLEYDELL-
BOUVERIE AND MAJOR J. D. MILLS, M.P.



MR. GEORGE FERGUSON (THE HON. SEC.)
AND MISS VALERIE STAFFORD-ROBINSON



SIR GEORGE MEYRICK, THE M.F.H.,
AND MISS V. S. FRASER



MISS PAMELA BROOME AND
MR. TONY WITHERBY

The New Forest Hunt Ball was held as usual at the Morant Hall, Brockenhurst, and, equally as usual, was a most cheery revel. The Forest is one of the best hunted regions in the Three Kingdoms, for in addition to the foxhounds, there are the famous Buckhounds and a pack of beagles. The excellent M.F.H., Major Sir George Meyrick, has been in command and hunted them himself since 1919, and his son, also name of George, is a chip of the old block, a 9th Lancer and won the recent regimental race and also the Forest Hunt Cup on his own horse, "Alcazar II." Miss Susan Meyrick, Sir George and Lady Meyrick's daughter, comes out this season, and all going peacefully, her mother gives a dance for her on May 3. Of some other celebrities who were there, Lady Congleton is a sister of Lord Strathcona, and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Pleydell-Bouverie will be better remembered as Lady Montagu of Beaulieu. Lord Darling is the son of that famous judge who did so much to lighten the leaden hours of our courts



MRS. ROBERT PETRE AND
MR. JOHN MORANT

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

J. B. Plafnauer

Satire
for
Those
Who
Can
Take
It



BOOK REVIEWER IN SEARCH OF
HAPPY ENDING: WALTER
CRISHAM; (LEFT) PLAIN JANE IN
SEARCH OF JOY THROUGH THE
LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND WHAT'S-
ITSNAME: HERMIONE GINGOLD

"Be hearty, be hearty,
Be the life and soul of the party"

THE gay opening number at the Ambassadors Theatre is a lively preface. The company are shut behind a silver gate. Enter the Lord Chamberlain complete with coronet and Mr. Walter Crisham's demoniac eyebrows. Oh, please, Mr. Censor, open the gate. No, Sir, No, Sir, three bags full of taboos: nothing about Hitler, Stalin, sex or sin, beds, babies, nudies, panties, scanties, vesties. Having promised to keep the world safe for hypocrisy the gate is opened—and hence *The Gate Revue* with naughty little items from the proscribed list.

Here is one of those eclectic revues which appeal to the little world of the West End, and achieves its purpose with no scenery to speak of and no "big" names, but with crisp musical numbers and satire that is sometimes mordant, sometimes precious and generally amusing. It satirises the musical snobs who go to Glyndebourne and "finish the Unfinished Symphony off"; the boring wet week-end with bucolic host whose sow is in litter, Jersey in calf, mushrooms in spawn, and parlour-maid . . . black-out; bizarre dress-designers and British ballet; Mr. Cecil Beaton redecorating Eton and Mr. Oliver Messel redecorating Mr. Cecil Beaton; Mr. Beverley Nichols greeting the first begonia; the arty-crafty spinster at her hand loom; and how times have changed in the country now that stockbrokers come down to their week-end cottages and get so awfully matey in the pub that the rustics have to go to the Ritz. A little B.B.C.-ish in places and not always new. But these are the things we understand and, after all, satire is apt to be a bit difficult if one doesn't recognise it, what?

However, even the familiar Kensington "naiceness" responds to the fresh treatment given it in Diana Morgan's and Robert MacDermot's neat lyrics, sung with bored nonchalance by Joan Swinstead, Gabrielle Brune, and Kay Young:

We are Kensington girls from Kensington Gore,
Not very rich and not very poor
(Nice to the core)



(Left) ERRING DAUGHTER: KAY YOUNG. THE
BITZNER GIVES A FEW IMPERSONATIONS:
JOAN SWINSTEAD

Our uniform—a silver fox, a string of pearls,
A black frock—for English girls.
Hoping to marry as soon as we can,
For the sake of the race,
And the sake of a man.

During which the girls solemnly recite the Kensington credo:
“There are no men save the Army, the Navy, the R.A.F.”

There is a pretty little tribute to this journal in “Tatler Time,” and comedy on broad lines in Miss Hermione Gingold’s worthy business girl, as plain as they make ‘em in gym shorts and blouse *coram populo*, happy to have found the secret of success in the cult of Health and Beauty.

Be hearty, be hearty,
Be the life and soul of the party.
Make England an A.I. nation,
So fiddle-di-dee to night starvation.

Myself, being a soft-hearted sort of cove, I like my satire to be sentimental. A surprising mixture, but it works. Hence I most enjoyed two numbers which though satirical were not intended to make you laugh. You do not laugh at the ballet duo “Epilogue in Vienna,” for the satire is too grim. But few can fail to be stirred by its simple symbology. First the old Vienna typified by the young lieutenant in gay musical-comedy uniform and ornamental shako dancing with his laughing Mitzi. The laughter dies, the champagne glass crashes, the trills change to crashing chords. Mitzi is gone. Only Franz remains, silhouetted in the darkness against a great gaunt figure holding a rifle and wearing the ominous “Dolly Varden” steel helmet of sterner crisis times. The gay blue uniform is in shreds. Franz writhes in a mad dance of death amid the barbed wire. Good-bye, Vienna—and full marks to Walter Crisham and dainty Alicia Marlowe for their dancing, to Geoffrey Wright for his music.

Transatlantic Lullaby shows a little American débutante, on her first visit to London, frozen by the patronising attitude of English acquaintances. The little homesick American girl croons of evening skies over Harlem; of Wall Street sleeping, of Manhattan lights dimmed one by one, of the lapping Hudson water “from ship to ship and shore to shore” singing a Transatlantic lullaby. Miss Gabrielle Brune sings it with great delicacy and charm.

There are twenty-five numbers “behind” the Gate, ten authors, and good team work by a talented company. So there’s something for everybody.



DEBAGGED: JUST A BARE IDEA
BY REGINALD BECKWITH
BAGDAD OR THEREABOUTS
FORTUNE - TELLING BY JACK
McNAUGHTON
CARPET-BAGS: HOLIDAY SALES-
MANSHIP BY MICHAEL WILDING



ANNIE VERNAY AND KEAN PAQUI
IN "LES OTAGES"

This new French picture, with the beautiful Annie Vernay and her partner, Kean Paqui, is having a big success at the Marivaux in Paris. The film was made by M. Raymond Bernard, son of the well-known *regisseur*, Tristan Bernard. With the opening of the new Paris Cinema in London, it will now be possible to see all the newest French pictures, almost as soon as they are released in France

TRÈS CHER—The theme of M. Jean-Jacques Bernard's new play, *Le Jardinier d'Ispahan*, at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, is suggested by the Persian legend that relates the story of the poor gardener who is warned by Death that the hour of his demise is approaching. The gardener takes the fleetest horse from his master's stables and rides away as fast as the animal can gallop. He goes to sleep in a strange town believing that he has evaded his destiny, but when he wakes next morning Death is seated at the bedside. Moral: you can't bamboozle Fate! Translated into terms of *femme incomprise*, anno Domini 1939, this did not make good comedy, however. Jean-Jacques Bernard, to whom the theatre owes so many successful plays, has missed the bull's-eye badly this time, and even with all his talent he was unable to interest us in a wench—played by Lucienne Bogaert—who, after having married the wrong man, moped through three acts and six tableaux in the vain endeavour to remain chaste and virtuous, only to end by falling for the handsome hired man in the last five minutes of the play. This tense young woman's main preoccupation was to avoid resembling her attractive and flighty mamma, whose past indiscretions caused the wench to have serious but ill-founded doubts as to whether she had the right to call her daddy "father"!

Having made herself and everybody else miserable with her morbid soliloquies, the audience felt rather anxious about the fate of the lover, to whom she finally yielded after having, up to the very last moment, toyed with the gentle idea of sticking a steel paper-knife

Priscilla in Paris

between his shoulder-blades. From the fleeting glimpse we were allowed of him, however, we rather gathered that he may have proved man enough to give her the beating she so thoroughly deserved, before teaching her that 'tis better to be an amiable wanton than a pernicious prude. Though the play itself did not please the legend that inspired it, it is delightful and its philosophy is well suited to the hours through which we are living—at time o' writing. One cannot evade one's destiny, and all the talking and running around in circles accomplished by the average pessimist won't change an iota of what has to be. Instead of waiting quietly at home, the gardener of Ispahan wasted his last night on earth in a panic-stricken gallop towards his death instead of away from it. Such fulishness! How much wiser it is to sit tight and take things as they come! F'rinstance, if your gas-mask doesn't fit (I'm sure mine doesn't, by the look of it; I haven't bothered to try it on yet), you can always use it, when the black-currant and raspberry season comes round again, to filter the fruit juice for your preserves and jelly. Don't tell me that "perhaps" there will be no black-currants or raspberries this summer, for of course there will be, and, anyway, there are always wild black-berries! Have you ever eaten black-berry jelly? Oh, yummy-yummy! 'Tis good!

Don't conclude from this burble, Très Cher, that business and pleasure are quite "as usual" in my small world. If trouble comes, we are preparing to meet it as best we can and make ourselves useful according to our various talents and lights. My old man is doing double spells of physical

jerks, and I've let some more gussets into his 1914-18 uniforms and aired the moth-balls out of 'em, same like last September. *Quant à moi*, I've had an Eton crop disguised by a new "perm," and have passed the tests that entitle me to a licence allowing me to drive lorries and motor-buses. Pernicketty lot of old fogies they are at the Préfecture de Police. They go over you with a fine tooth-comb. Eyes, heart, lungs—the whole works come in for a thorough examination, and when they've finished vetting your body they turn you over to the technical engineers, who pick your brain to pieces in their effort to see the wheels go round.

They asked me so many posers about the bye-laws and regulations that govern the traffic problem in this fair country that my think-box positively sizzled. Foolishly trusting to the fact that I have driven over 400,000 kilometres or so without any serious accident since I first handled a steering-wheel, I imagined I knew all there is to know about the matter. This was my error, or semi-error. I knew oky, oky, but I found difficulty in expressing what I would call "reflex knowledge" in the succinct language that technicians appreciate. I also found that I was wrong in speaking of the "routes nationales," of which I have so often written on this page. *Routes nationales* have become *Routes de grande circulation*, which means the same thing in other words, and it was only because the examiner was lenient and the other candidates were worse duds than I was that I got through the oral. The driving itself was mere play, although thirteen years of the same Miss Chrysler have made me a bit awkward for the first few minutes behind the wheel of a strange bus. However, we missed everything we might have hit, and passed with honours.

PRISCILLA.



A DISTINGUISHED FRENCHWOMAN

La Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld is one of the leaders of French Society, which is, perhaps, the most exclusive in all the world. The Duchesse was, before her marriage, Mlle. Edmée Frisch de Fels. Her only son, who is eighteen, is the Duc de Liancourt. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld is a descendant of the famous author of "Les Maximes Morales"



AROUND THE FILM STUDIOS

Prominent
People in
Two Pictures
Still in the
Making

DOROTHY LAMOUR AS SHE APPEARS IN HER LATEST PICTURE, "MAN ABOUT TOWN"



RITA HAYWORTH AND RICHARD BARTHELMLESS CO-STAR IN "ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

page of some views
very advanced
of two new
pictures. Dorothy
Lamour, who has re-
cently been at the
Maza in *St. Louis Blues*,
is now making *Man
About Town*, the new
Paramount production,
with Jack Benny and
Lionel Barnes. The
story is about London
and a theatrical troupe,
of which Dorothy
Lamour plays the part
of a member. This
actress appears to have
quite forsaken her jun-
gle rôles, which is all
to the good, as she is
too fine an artist to
waste her talent on
such parts. A new-
comer to the screen is
Rita Hayworth, who is
appearing with Richard
Barthelmess, after a
somewhat lengthy ab-
sence from pictures,
in *Only Angels Have
Wings*. This has only
just gone into produc-
tion, so more news at
a later date

GRAND CHARITY GALA

The "Four Feathers" World Première



SCREEN NOTABLES AT THE ODEON: MERLE OBERON AND DIRECTOR ALEXANDER KORDA



COUNTESS ANASTASIA RABEN AND MISS PATRICIA CADOGAN



LADY DIANA COOPER WITH MR. A. E. W. MASON, AUTHOR OF "FOUR FEATHERS"



Mlle. SYLVIA RÉGIS DE OLIVEIRA WITH ANOTHER GOOD-LOOKER, MRS. RYAN

The long-promised *Four Feathers*, adapted for the screen from A. E. W. Mason's famous novel by R. C. Sherriff and directed by Zoltan Korda, had its world première at the Odeon last week, the showing being for the special benefit of the Research Department of the National Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Queen Square. This stirring picture (made in Technicolor by London Films) of the four-fold clearing of a charge of cowardice by daring desert deeds may not be built strictly to Masonic plan, but it is good film value, and at moments marvellously spectacular. Mr. Mason followed its course intently



MISS JACQUELINE PARAVICINI



MRS. FRED STANLEY AND LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX

Programme-sellers on some charity occasions are content with being easy to look at; not so the charming people at this good-cause gala, who, marshalled by Lady Brougham and Vaux, set about the selling business very briskly. They included Miss Jacqueline Paravicini, elder daughter of the Swiss Minister, Mrs. Fred Stanley, Countess Anastasia Raben, and Miss Patricia Cadogan, daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan.

Distinguished people turned up in their hundreds to support the charity première of *Four Feathers*, and the traffic congestion in Leicester Square caused those who had run it rather fine to despair of arriving at all. Mlle. Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, however, having started in good time from the Brazilian Embassy in Upper Brook Street, had no such qualms. Other early arrivals included the former First Lord of the Admiralty and Lady Diana Cooper, and Miss Merle Oberon and Mr. Alexander Korda. These two have denied the rumour that they were married in New York, and at the time of going to press have made no statement as to future matrimonial plans. Merle, for whom director Alexander has two films in waiting at Denham, got back to England early this month. Before leaving Hollywood, where she has been working very busily for nearly a year, she saw herself in a pre-view of *Wuthering Heights*



An artist's impression of the non-playing captain of our International polo team for the 1939 contest *v.* America for that quite unlovely silver emblem, the Westchester Cup. Lord Cowdray's first love is polo, but he also goes fox-hunting and point-to-pointing when polo is not available and, incidentally, is not of the hailing-a-cab class of horseman. He is at present very busy indeed in America, but shortly before he left his engagement was announced to Lady Anne Bridgeman, Lord and Lady Bradford's second daughter. Mr. John Lakin, a close friend of Lord Cowdray, is one of England's International polo reserves, and a very useful one at that

"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"



MERLE OBERON (CATHY) AND DAVID NIVEN (EDGAR)



THE WEDDING OF CATHY (MERLE OBERON)



DONALD CRISP (DR. KENNETH), FLORA ROBSON AND
ROBSON. (ELLEN DEAN); (RIGHT) GERARD

The strong cast which has been enlisted to present *Wuthering Heights* in its film form was a sufficient guarantee for its success. It was given to London for the first time under the ægis of Samuel Goldwyn and the direction of William Wyler. Those who go to see it will agree that a better Cathy than Merle Oberon could not have been found, and a better Edgar than David Niven could not have been found. Ellen Dean, a young Irish actress from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin, who played the faithful maid, Ellen, in *Dark Victory*, in support of Bette Davis, and s



"S" IN ITS FILM FORM



OBERON) AND EDGAR (DAVID NIVEN)



AND MILES MANDER (LOCKWOOD); (LEFT) FLORA
GERALDINE FITZGERALD (ISABELLA)

at Emily Brontë's immortal but not peculiarly joyous
ce for its success last night (April 25), when at the
st time after having been manufactured in Hollywood
William Wyles. It is an immensely well-cast film, and
Merle Oberon, a better Heathcliff than Laurence Olivier, or
found. It is, incidentally, Flora Robson's first Hollywood
masterpiece of characterisation. Geraldine Fitzgerald is the
She had already won her spurs in the moving-picture
and she endorses her success in this present production



MERLE OBERON AND LAURENCE OLIVIER (HEATHCLIFF)





Avery
**FISHING THE WYE AT ENWOOD :
MRS. A. MACDOUGALL IN ACTION**



Poole, Waterford
**ON THE RIGHT BANK OF THE SUIR :
SIR HENRY McMAHON**



O'Brien
**BLACKWATER ANGLERS : COMMANDER
MOORE AND CAPTAIN G. H. BENSON**

Brother-anglers condemned to work while others play a fresh-run fish will look with envy on these pictures from Wales and Eire. In some localities rain is badly wanted, but when Colonel Macdougall's wife fished the Pwlllyfaedda reach of the Wye a boat was necessary to compete with the flood water. Sir Henry McMahon and General Darell were lately in pursuit of Suir salmon as guests of Lord Donoughmore at Knocklofty, and Commander Moore and Captain Benson have been fishing the Careysville stretch of the Blackwater, which the Duke of Devonshire leases



Poole, Waterford
**BRIG.-GEN. W. H. DARELL TAKES HIS
EYE OFF HIS FLY**

THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS HUNT BALL



THREE CAMERA VICTIMS: LADY MARGARET DRUMMOND-HAY,
MR. NOEL DOCKER AND THE HON. MRS. WILLOUGHBY-NORMAN



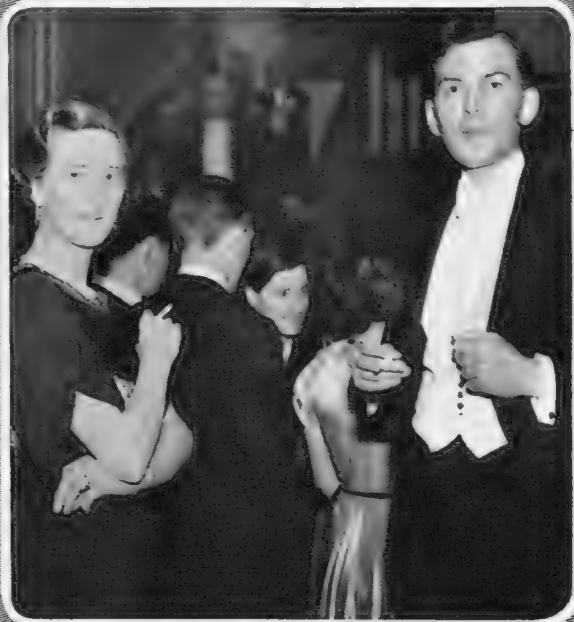
A QUARTET IN REPOSE: MR. F. H. LONG, MR. HUGH HOBHOUSE,
MRS. F. H. LONG AND MISS DIANA GEORGE



MR. F. SLOCOCK AND MISS JULIET
WILSON PREFERRED THE STAIRS



EN ROUTE TO THE DANCE FLOOR: MISS ELIZA-
BETH STURDEE AND MR. MICHAEL BERRY

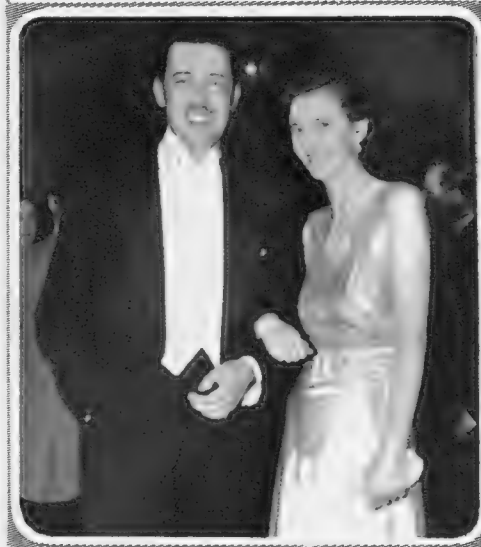


THE CAMERA INTERRUPTS SIR JOHN
CLERKE AND MRS. WHITEHEAD



MR. TONY COLLINGS (JOINT-SECRETARY)
AND MR. S. L. HANCOCK (MASTER)

And still the spate of Hunt Balls continues, among the latest to come to notice being the Devon and Somerset one, held, as usual, at the Metropole Hotel, Minehead, and despite the ravings and the rantings of the two March Hares, everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly, and it is to be hoped that the coffers of the Hunt duly benefited. Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, who is better known round the Ferne side of Dorchester, came with her husband. She is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and married the Laird of Seggieden in 1930. Mrs. Willoughby-Norman, who is in the same group, is Lord Trent's elder daughter. Mr. Michael Berry, who was waylaid by the camera as he was about to dance, writes those extremely good hunting articles for our best-known daily paper. His partner, Miss Elizabeth Sturdee, is the only child of Sir Lionel Sturdee, son of the fighting Admiral. Sir John Clerke, who was talking to Mrs. Whitehead, succeeded to the Baronetcy from his grandfather in 1930, and is a subaltern in the 55th (Suffolk and Norfolk) Anti-Tank Regt. R.A. (T.A.). The present Master, Mr. S. L. Hancock, in 1936 took the Devon and Somerset over from the late Colonel Wiggin, who had them for sixteen years, and it is hoped that he will have an equally successful period of office. Mr. Tony Collings is joint-secretary with Mr. A. D. Stoddart



MR. R. L. JOHNSON AND MISS PATRICIA
WHITEHEAD ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARIE LOUISE AT A SHROPSHIRE HOUSE-PARTY

H.R.H.'s hosts were Brigadier-General and Mrs. John Rotton at Stokesay Court, Onibury. General Rotton was a Gunner and formerly well known in pig-sticking circles in India. The Princess Marie Louise is a daughter of the late Princess Christian and a sister of the Princess Helena Victoria. The names in the group are: (seated) Mrs. John Rotton, Princess Marie Louise, and Mr. John Russell Allcroft, Mrs. Rotton's son by her first marriage to the late Mr. H. J. Allcroft; (standing) Brigadier-General Rotton, Mrs. Hugh Adams (Lady-in-Waiting), Miss Jewell Allcroft and Mrs. Lowsley Williams (Lady-in-Waiting). Mr. John Allcroft was High Sheriff of Shropshire in 1933.



AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT

The Market was "up" all right when they had this Bull and Bear contest at Kimble over a bit of the Whaddon country. In the picture are Mrs. Douglas Pilkington, who was spectating, and Mr. Ivo Reid, who was performing

Pictures in the Fire

"BY Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth if thou with Caesar paragon again my man of men!" How could those Albanian gentlemen be so tactless! Things are edgy enough as it is. Their offence is aggravated by dragging in Hannibal, who was not even a Roman. Both Caesar and Hannibal were merely generals, a stupid and witless lot. Perhaps, however, the Albanians had never heard of The Serpent of Old Nile. A pity.

"There is no simpler and more imperative rule for strategy than to keep all the forces concentrated. No portion to be separated from the main body unless called away by some urgent necessity. On this maxim we stand firm, and look upon it as a fact to be depended upon."

"The concentration of the whole force (i.e., within supporting distance) should be the rule, and every separation or division is an exception which must be justified. It is sufficient now (i.e., when the battle has been formed) if the concentration takes place during the course of the action."

Karl von Clausewitz was a very wily old bird. He was the author of the German Bible of War. What he meant when he wrote the observations quoted above, and in which he spoke of the dispositions for a big operation on land, was this: that dissemination gave the enemy the one thing he most desired—and still desires—the chance of defeating you in detail. Clausewitz would not have favoured sending troops, or even "obsolete old barges," to the Cannibal Islands, or to the South Pole, if the matter in hand was an attack upon Pantaloonia.

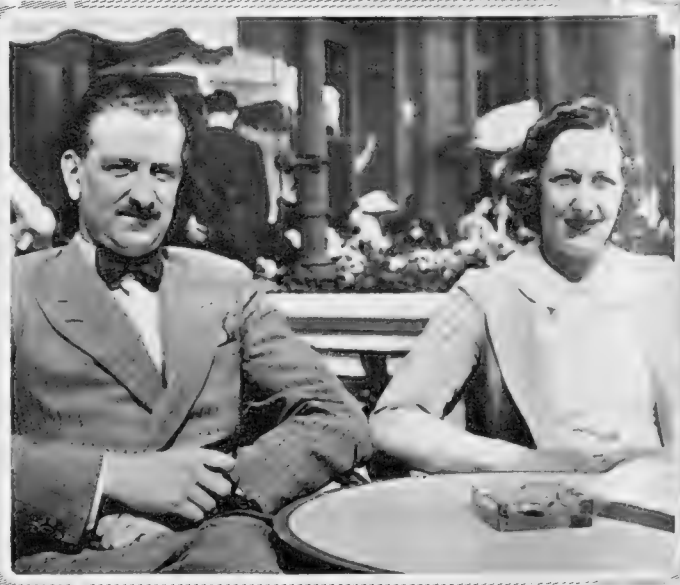
Polo, Rugger, Soccer, Cricket, Lawn Tennis, or any other kind of players, must be in their places if they are to be of any use to the man who is controlling the operation. If they are not, they might just as well be having a drink with the Man in the Moon for all the use they are likely to be when the emergency arises and has to be met very quickly. In war, according to Clausewitz, concentration, concentration, concentration was the burden of his song, and every division or detachment is an evil which can only be justified by urgent necessity. A simple truth, which, nevertheless, the history of all wars shows us to be very difficult to carry out. Mr. Winston Churchill must have been re-reading the maxims of the great



LORD BERNERS' RECENT HOUSE-PARTY

A group at Faringdon House, including the recently engaged Lady Mary Lygon and Prince Vsevolode who are to be married, according to the published announcement, on June 1st.

The names, reading from the bottom upwards, are: Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Weymouth, Miss Joan Eyres-Monsell, Prince Vsevolode, Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, Lord Berners and Mr. J. Rayner



LORD AND LADY WALPOLE AT SUNNY CANNES

In spite of all the naval activity in the inland sea, all the Riviera sunspots have had a good ration of visitors and probably will continue to do so, at any rate till after the corn is cut. Lord Walpole's family seat is Wolterton, near Norwich. He is, as may be well known, a descendant of the famous statesman

By "SABRETACHE"



"HETTY" OF FARINGDON (PIGEON)
AND A WOMAN UNNAMED

Lord Berners' pet pigeon has classical leanings and intends nesting at the feet of the Grecian lady. Lord Berners is producing a new ballet, *Lepid and Psyche*, at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on April 27, which is by no means his first effort. He is also, as the world knows, a very good artist



A SCOTTISH ENGAGEMENT:

MISS MARGARET ARBUTHNOTT AND MR. HEW BLAIR-IMRIE

The future bride is a niece of Lord and Lady Arbuthnott, he being the Lord-Lieutenant of Kincardineshire, and who owns the Spotted Lane Ranch at Mirror, Alberta. Mr. Blair-Imrie is the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel Hew Blair-Imrie, of Lunan House, Montrose, and late Commanding Officer, 5th Battn. Royal Highlanders (Black Watch)

preceptor before he made that speech of outstanding excellence in the House the other day.

* * *
Cards never forgive, neither does the unholy God of War. Wars are won by the person who makes the fewest mistakes. General Mars sometimes offers you a chance—if you do not take it he may not offer it a second time, and if you do not put over a fast one when the other man makes a bad error, it is usually your funeral. If, on top of this, you are so foolish as to copy the enemy's error, he may not let you off as you have let him off.
* * *

In race-riding the knowledge of when to come is of far greater value than the knowledge of how to come. Even "chalk" jockeys ride fairly well sometimes. "Chalk" jockeys are people whose names are not sufficiently well known to be painted on the slats in the number board. If you make your effort too soon, it is as certain a recipe for defeat as if you make it too late. A really good jockey not only knows the pace at which his own horse is going, but also the pace that the other horses in the race are going—especially that of any still in the hunt. There are not many good jockeys about at the moment, but England possesses the one who has the best knowledge of pace, the only real talisman.

* * *
All who knew him—and their name must be legion—will heave a sigh at the news of the death of someone who was affectionately known as "Flash Alf"—Colonel Arthur England, R.A.V.C., as good a chap as ever put a leg across a horse.

He died at Salcombe, in Devon, where he had lived for many years after he had left the service. He was called "Flash Alf" because he was always so well turned out, and not, as some who have earned a similar title, because it was overdone. I think he had the best leg for a boot I have ever seen, and on a horse he looked exactly what he was: a first-class coachman. Many are the amusing yarns that were told about him, and most of them, I think, originated from himself. They always said he had his handkerchiefs sewn in their pockets, so as to be just right. Quite possible. The time his best pair of Maxwells were ruined is another story. During the time Alf had the Peshawar Vale Hounds, 1909-11, he got into one of those water-courses which are encountered in that region, and which take a good bit of doing. When he got home he told his sable valet to fill the boots with bran before tree-ing them up. Next morning, when he went on to the verandah of his bungalow, there were his boots sure enough and



Truman Howell

BEAUTIFUL STOKESAY COURT, SHROPSHIRE

One of the most attractive of any of the stately homes of England and the seat of Brigadier-General and Mrs. John Rotton, whose house-party, which was given for the Princess Marie Louise, is on the page facing this one

full of bran—but it was in bran-mash form. Whether they ever recovered he never told me, but I should think they must have had a pretty long convalescence before they were really fighting-fit again.

(Continued on page ii)



ANOTHER SNAPSHOT AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE POINT-TO-POINT AT KIMBLE

The Hon. Charles and Mrs. Cavendish snapped during a lull in the hostilities, which incidentally provided plenty of diversion. The weather was inferior, cold and blustery. The Hon. Charles Cavendish is Lord Chesham's son, and Mrs. Cavendish is the former Miss Mary Marshall

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE amateur gardener, who loved to experiment with plants, sat locked in his room. He refused to take any food all day, and his wife finally insisted on being let in.

"You must tell me what's on your mind," she said firmly. "You've been here brooding all day, and I must know what's wrong."

The gardener sighed heavily.

"It's just that one of my pet experiments didn't turn out the way I expected. Remember the time I mixed a potato with an onion?"

"Yes, yes," coaxed the anxious wife. "What happened?"

The gardener shook his head sadly.

"No good," he murmured, sinking his head on to his hands. "All I got was a potato with watery eyes!"

This is taken from the British Legion Journal:

Rifle inspection was in progress. Examining the rifle of "Dopey," the Regimental half-wit, the officer indignantly turned to the sergeant and said:

"Look at this man's rifle."

The sergeant looked down the barrel, swung the rifle round to "Dopey," and barked furiously:

"Look at that something rifle!"

"Dopey" carefully peered down the barrel and muttered in a surprised tone:

"Coo! Got a 'ole right frew it!"

The inebriated one staggered into the express elevator of a skyscraper building in New York. The door closed; the elevator shot upward. The operator turned to his passenger.

"What floor, please?" he asked.

"Eighty-eight," drawled the drunk.

"Sorry, sir," smiled the operator, "but this is only a fifty-storey building. Therefore, that's as far as the elevator goes."

The other waved a hand airily.

"Okay," he hiccupped. "Lemme off at fifty—an' I'll walk the rest of the way!"

A young German on his way out to dinner entered a Berlin shop with the intention of purchasing a small gift for his hostess.

He asked for caviare. None in the place. He asked for a pound of tea, but was informed that he could only have a quarter of a pound, and then only if he was enrolled as a regular customer.

Indesperation, he asked for a pound of butter. The shopkeeper turned on him in rage.

"Sir," he cried, "have you come to do some shopping, or are you trying to involve me in a political conversation?"

Two darkies were having an argument.

"You ain't got no sense, nigger!" declared Mose.

"No sense?" replied Rastus. "Den what am dis head ob mine for?"

"Dat ain't a head. Dat's only a button to keep yo' spine from unwinding!"



MRS. BOB GREGORY—HER LATEST PICTURE

The youngest daughter of H.H. the Rajah (Sir Charles Vyner Brooke) of Sarawak and the Ranee of Sarawak, who is a sister of Lord Esher and was, before her marriage, the Hon. Sylvia Brett. Their eldest daughter is Lady Inchcape. Their second one is Mrs. Harry Roy. Mr. Bob Gregory is a renowned all-in wrestler, and it is reported that Mrs. Gregory is making progress in a film career, for which her beauty should suit her.



LYA LYS—AMERICA'S MOST SHAPELY GIRL

To be chosen for the model of the best expression of American loveliness is a high honour—and it has fallen to the subject of the above picture. Lya Lys is the original of the figure of "America" in the Art Pavilion at the New York World's Fair. She is blue-eyed and blonde, was born in Berlin, and is the most talked-about recent recruit to the ranks of Hollywood "Glamour Girls," as they phrase things in those parts. It is said that she will be seen in *The Confessions of a Nazi Spy*, a hush-hush Warner Brothers' film, based on the happenings disclosed in the New York Nazi spy trial, in which fact quite out-faced anything that fiction can accomplish.

He was extremely proud of his athletic son, and even more proud of the local team in which his son played scrum-half.

When an important match was being played some distance from home, he asked his son to wire the result.

The telegram duly arrived, bearing the curt information: "Collar-bone and one rib broken."

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the father impatiently to his wife, "but he doesn't say who won."



It's a positively breath-taking creation this, with its brief, mustardy yellow gros-grain bolero and swing-skirted, black crêpe dress enlivened with petticoat, yoke and frilly guimpe of snow-white Broderie Anglais. Other colour combinations to order. From the Model Gown Salon for 10½ Gns.

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FORMER GERMAN TENNIS CHAMPION WINS INTERNATIONAL CONTEST AT CAIRO

Baron Von Cramm, the celebrated German tennis ace, competed recently in the International Lawn Tennis Championship which was held at Cairo and which he won. The above photograph shows him receiving the trophy from Lady El Nabila Abbas Halim. Behind him is G. P. Hughes, the British player

WELL, no sooner had I suggested that this was going to be Miss Stammers' star year, than she goes and gets beaten in the final at Roehampton by Miss Hardwick. Still, it is early days yet, and the season has a long way to go before the Wightman Cup selectors choose their team to go to Forest Hills. And, frankly, no one would be more delighted than myself, if Miss Hardwick, too, in her turn, is at last able to produce such consistently good performances that she chooses herself. She has been on the verge of great things for so long that she really deserves to stay at the top this year. I emphasise that word, because with her it is largely a question of staying power, of concentrating on victory, rather than accepting the possibility of defeat. It was only such *absolute* confidence that brought Helen Moody through her semi-final match at Wimbledon last year against Hilda Sperling, who, in that long, fluctuating first set, actually held a set point, and had she secured it, must have been the final victor simply through her superior stamina. But, because she knew she could not survive a third set, Mrs. Moody did not lose the first. It sounds so easy set down like that. You may scoff, but the fact remains that, as in life, so in tennis, will-power will always play a supreme part. So much so, that often when I am watching a match it isn't the sound of ball hitting racquet that I hear, but the sharp, rending trumpet-cry of opposing wills.

And while we are on the subject of will-power, which, personally, I find a fascinating one, had it occurred to you to think what a measure of strength of purpose must have been required by Gottfried von Cramm to stage a come-back in the Egyptian championships? After showing form that was but a shadow of his former self in his first few matches, which was hardly surprising after what he has been through, he triumphantly turned the tables on his previous conquerors in the main tournament, beating the two Americans, Harris and McNeill, in the semi-final and final, respectively. McNeill is a new star, who comes to Europe after outstanding successes in India; Von Cramm is an old star of many seasons' standing, and one so firmly established in the hearts of the sporting public, that I am confident that he has nothing to fear from his reception in this country if the political gangsters who threw him into prison will allow him to reach sanctuary within our shores. For at present they are playing the

LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

familiar, despicable cat-and-mouse game with him: they have granted permission for him to play in the majority of European countries, but will not give him a passport for America, knowing only too well that his presence there would automatically serve as the most positive form of anti-Nazi propaganda. At a moment like this, when one doesn't even know whether these words will appear in print before the Führer has his final spasm of megalomaniatic rage that must undam the sluices of hell, it may seem of small account what one citizen of the Fatherland suffered in persecution for having been so indiscreet as to have uttered "unpatriotic" sentiments when playing tennis way down in the Antipodes; nevertheless, I would like to put on record my own reactions when I read how an Englishman had come forward to partner him in his first public appearance when released from prison.

I wonder if you have ever played a not very popular game, because it is so disturbing—the game of counting up how many of your friends you could be *certain* of finding at the prison gates on the day of your discharge, whatever your sentenced crime. Certain! That is the operative word. Play the game honestly and see for yourself. And then, my friend, if you can tell me that you had to count on both hands, I, in my turn, will tell you that you are, indeed, blessed with great good fortune.

And now the name of the Englishman who fixed up at once to play with Von Cramm in the doubles—Pat Hughes. He may be surprised that I should think it worth while to draw attention to his sporting gesture, but I do so, because, though I do not doubt that many others, equally illustrious,

will now follow his lead. It is easy to follow—and not so easy to have the strength of will to take the lead. In the days when he represented his country in the Davis Cup matches, and, like Brugnon, in the bumper years when he partnered the limelight-king, Borotra, and did all the spade work to make so many of his partner's more spectacular coups possible, he came in for most of the kicks and few of the bouquets. I have been guilty myself of suggesting that he was getting too "soft" for the highest honours. Well, I can only say now that I feel he deserves every honour he has ever received in the game, for this magnificent proof that he is a sportsman first—a real sportsman, judged by all and any standards. And I shall never see Pat Hughes, as a distant spectator of one of his matches, without praising him in my heart for having given such a positive proof that there are star tennis players who do not think only of themselves first, last, and all the time.

Now few of us who have any connection with the game would deny that star tennis players take good care, for the most part, to get everything they can out of the game in the way of material blessings while the going is good—and for the last few years the going has been very good indeed. The cry of shamateurism has been raised at intervals and then dropped again. There must be at least a hundred young men and women who proudly call themselves amateurs, but in actual fact earn their keep, week in and week out through their prowess in hitting a tennis ball over the net rather more swiftly and accurately than the members of the



HUNGARIAN TENNIS PRODIGY IN PLAY AT MELBURY

Zsuzsi Körmöczy, who is only fourteen years old, was Hungary's No. 2 player in the recent Melbury Club tournament. The above photograph shows her in play against Miss N. C. Edes, over whom she had an effortless win, 6-3, 6-2. Only a week or two ago Mlle. Körmöczy captured the Northern Hard Courts Championship at the Scarborough Tournament

(Continued on page 311)



UP on the downs you're rather glad you decided not to be lazy; because the air is tonic and the grass is springy beneath your feet. But it's when you're home again that you have your true reward: Whitbread's superb Pale Ale, cool and tempting in the glass. It takes the tang of those Beltring hops to crown an outdoor day.

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THE CRAWLEY AND HORSHAM HUNT RACES



MR. SAM MARSH LEADS IN HIS WINNER, "STOLEN THUNDER" (MISS M. IRVING UP)



WITH THEIR TWINS: MAJOR AND LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE

Miss Davina and Miss Linda Metcalfe, who are nearly nine, came with their parents to Partridge Green for the Crawley and Horsham Point-to-Point, and thought it all lots of fun. So did Mr. Sam Marsh, popular Old Surreyite, when his "Stolen Thunder" won the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' To-day, April 26, Mr. Marsh stages his 6th Annual Horse and Pony Show at Edenbridge



MISS CLIFTON-BROWNE DISCUSSING THE CARD WITH LADY WINTERTON



LADY WARRENDER AND HER ELDER SONS, JOHN AND SIMON WARRENDER

A family conference over the card before the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden race, for which there was a field of sixteen. Simon Warrender, second son of the Member for Grantham and Lady Warrender, includes fencing in his Eton activities, and was runner-up in the final pool of the Public Schools' Epée Championship at the London F.C., St. James's, two days before this picture was taken. Tall John Warrender now looks quite grown up, though actually he is only just eighteen. Other youthful members of the gallery at this Point-to-Point included two débutantes, Miss Vivien Mosley, daughter of Sir Oswald Mosley, and Miss Rosalind Cubitt, niece of the Hon. Guy Cubitt, Acting Master and Huntsman of the Crawley and Horsham



CAPTAIN GEORGE HORNUNG TALKING TO THE HON. MRS. WALTER BURRELL AND LORD NORTH (RIGHT)



MR. P. LAING, MISS ROSALIND CUBITT AND MISS VIVIEN MOSLEY LOOKING INTENT IN THE PADDOCK

Conversational interludes are always great features of Hunt race meetings, and Lord Denman's daughter and her brother-in-law, Lord North (he married Sir Merrik Burrell's elder daughter), found plenty to say to Captain George Hornung, son of the famous owner, Mr. J. P. Hornung, of West Grinstead Park. Lady Winterton (see top right), whose perky Edwardian hat suited her, brought guests from Shillinglee Park in the neighbouring Chiddingfold country; her husband, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and an additional member of the Air Council, has represented West Sussex for over thirty-four years

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FOUR VOICES

By OLIVER BALDWIN

KINGSLEY CHILDE was a barrister by profession, but, being possessed of far more than an average share of this world's goods, was not as diligent in his professional duties as he would have been in less financially fortunate circumstances. In fact, I do not suppose he had attended the Law Courts for several years before I met him and managed to inveigle him into joining our little dining-club, which met during the winter in a well-known eating-house off Fleet Street, and was concerned primarily with discussing the supernatural.

In a very short space of time Kingsley became our star turn, and we then discovered that for many years past he had taken upon himself to investigate every possible form of supernatural manifestation, from the ordinary ghost to the extraordinary *poltergeist*. During the past few years, therefore, we—six of us, to be exact—have heard many of his experiences from his own lips, and it is one of these that I am about to set down now that fate has removed him from our midst in an entirely unaccountable manner.

I took notes of these tales of his at the time, and in some of his adventures I was privileged to accompany him, though I must confess I no longer have the urge to investigate such things, since my nerves have never recovered from my experiences with him in the Caucasus, where he was concerned with a frightening and unpleasant investigation.

To look at, Kingsley Childe was an unusual mixture of the athlete and the dreamer. His body was tall and strong, but his eyes, of an almost oriental luminosity and softness, were those of a mystic. He was clean-shaven and possessed well-cut features and a high forehead. His hair was dark, inclined to be wavy, and of a fine texture. His hands were those of an artist and his fingers strong and spatulate.

He had one great gift, and that was music, since he played the piano with the skill and technical excellence of a professional. His outdoor pursuits were many and varied, though he never shot, hunted or fished, being forbidden by his own particular form of religious belief to take life.

In fact, this religious belief almost made him an anarchist, for whenever, as in this particular story, he stumbled upon something which any other man would hold called for justice, he took no steps to bring it to the notice of the authorities, lest his action might thereby cause loss of life.

At the time of this story Kingsley must have been quite a young man, and we were left to imagine how it was that he should have been well-known enough to be summoned down to Whiteleaf Manor by a householder he had never met before.

But enough of this introduction: he was an impossible man to explain—such a mixture, such intolerance, and such gentleness withal.

Kingsley was in his rooms in the Temple one day, when he received a letter which intrigued him for two reasons: firstly, because of the chance for an interesting investigation; and secondly, because of the uneducated and child-like handwriting. It ran as follows, for I have it here before me, one of the hundreds I found in the old black box Kingsley left with me before he disappeared:—

Whiteleaf Manor,
Cronsby, Salop.

DEAR MR. CHILDE,

I have heard you are interested in haunted houses: I have just bought this property and there's something here what (*sic*) oughtn't to be here. If you would care to help me find out what it is I will pay handsome (*sic*). I shall be pleased to put you up for as long as you wish. I want to live happy and quiet, but it don't seem to let me do it.—Yours truly,

It was signed by a man named Jack Robinson—an ordinary enough name, one must admit.

Kingsley wrote back immediately and, to cut a long story short, it was finally agreed upon that he should arrive at Wolverhampton on an evening in early October and be driven by car to the village of Cronsby, wherever that is.

Now one of Kingsley's gifts is that of being able to sense a haunted house as soon as he gets inside it, and, furthermore, he can in no time track that haunting to the actual room or

place by an instinct which is positively uncanny. He assured us that when he entered the house he was certain it had a clean bill of health, so to speak, and that is why he was immediately on his guard when the butler opened the study door and announced him to his host.

Jack Robinson was a big, rough-looking man of close on seventy, bald-headed and fattish, with a kindly but apparently troubled face. His eyes were set well in his head; his mouth had a pleasing smile, though it was overhung by a long moustache. Because Kingsley was on his guard—he was a man who worked on instinct, especially when dealing with people—he searched the face thoroughly and came to this conclusion: a self-made man; kind-hearted; hasty—he learnt this, he told us, by the staccato way the man had of speaking—and possessed of some secret sorrow—something far back, not connected, Kingsley felt sure, with his present trouble. He liked the man and, consequently, thawed towards him, and in less than no time they were on friendly terms.

During dinner his host spoke to Kingsley on every sort of subject but that which one might have expected.

Robinson, it appeared, had made his money in Australia—had been there during the 'eighties, looking for gold, and had then settled down to sheep-farming. His wife was dead, but he had a son of about forty, who was expected down the very next day. He appeared to be devoted to him and spoke affectionately of his daughter-in-law and two grandchildren.

After dinner, when the two men had returned to the study and were both smoking cigars in comfortable armchairs, there came the sort of silence which could only end by the disclosure of the reason for Robinson's letter; and, sure enough, the older man began straight away.

"Does this room appear to you to be haunted?" asked Robinson, looking Kingsley straight in the face. The answer was immediate and quite definite. "I feel nothing supernatural in this room at all; in fact, to me the atmosphere is happy, like you get in rooms where children have played together in olden days."

Robinson leant eagerly forward. "That's exactly it," he said. "It is haunted by a child's voice. I hear it often, but it isn't the only voice in this house. There are two others, quite different, quite distinct. One I have only heard in the garden, the other I only hear in my bedroom, just as I only hear the child's voice in this room."

"What do they say—the same thing?" asked Kingsley, who assured us that by this time he was pleasantly intrigued.

"The child's voice says"—here Robinson spoke softly, looking hurriedly around, as if it were a secret thing—"When I grow up, daddy, and then it becomes faint, but I assure you, Childe, the first part is clear and strong."

"Do you hear it every day?" asked Kingsley.

"No; once or twice a week. Each of the voices I hear once or twice a week at any hour of the day, though, of course, the one in my bedroom is always at night or when I am getting up." The old man paused and Kingsley sat thinking. Suddenly his host leant forward in his chair and his eyes were bright with excitement.

"Do you know," he said eagerly, "I feel that there is yet another voice about and that I shall hear it some day, and it will all be cleared up."

"Tell me," asked Kingsley, "about the other voices. You have told me what the child's voice says. Are the others children's voices too, and if so, what do they say?"

Robinson rose from his chair, picked up a little red notebook from his desk near by, and resumed his seat. He opened the book and then continued:

"The voice in the garden is a youth's voice. It keeps on saying 'I must go abroad, I must go abroad.' The voice in my room, which is a young man's voice, says, 'I must beware of a man who—': it stops there, and although there is something following it is too faint to hear. It just trails off."

"You have never seen anyone or felt a presence?"

"Never. I merely hear the voice, very clearly, coming from different parts of the room."

(Continued on page 182)

This England . . .



The Stretton Hills from Wenlock Edge, Salop

“ON Wenlock Edge the wood’s in trouble . . .” and truly a gale is the greatest turmoil you will find in Shropshire nowadays. Yet this quiet fertile land was once an endless battleground—Offa making his dyke, Edward the Elder driving out the Danes, the Normans building nigh a fifth of their great castles here to hold the raiding Welsh, and Civil War to add its bitterness. Out of this storm is come wise sweetness and a gentle strength—thus does our England ripen. And curious it is that old English things like your Worthington, mime in some sort her history. For here, too, out of the strong and lusty ferment is resolved, by time and loving care, the rich maturity that is our English good.



FOUR VOICES—(Continued from page 180)

Again there came a pause and Kingsley rose to his feet. "I am nonplussed," he said, and began to walk slowly up and down the room. "Does it worry you; and if so, why?" Kingsley asked after a minute or two.

"Yes, Childe, it worries me because it is leading to something and I don't know what," Robinson answered in measured tones, so different from his usual staccato speech.

Then Kingsley turned suddenly: "Have you anything on your mind? Any reason to be apprehensive?" he asked.

Robinson averted his eyes and gazed thoughtfully at the fire. He straightened himself in his chair and said: "No, nothing—nothing at all."

"You don't recognise the voice?"

"No."

That was about all the conversation between the two on their first night together. The next morning Kingsley was busy fixing a mass of wire and strange gadgets in Robinson's bedroom, carrying one wire along the passage to his own bedroom and affixing it to a kind of miniature phonograph. He explained it to his host.

"A spirit voice," he told him, "if it is a genuine one, can be picked up by a microphone and amplified. The only difficulty is to be on the spot when the message comes through. In order to get round this I attach by wire a strongly amplified microphone to a phonograph, which is constantly running. The moment the sound reaches the record the needle immediately comes into play and the cylinder revolves, taking down those noises as they occur and stopping when the noises cease. All I have to do then is to replay the record and listen in."

Robinson was intrigued by this instrument and anxious to try it out. This was done as a test, and, since it worked well and clearly, it was decided that Kingsley should turn it on and leave it running as soon as Robinson retired for the night.

After lunch Kingsley went out for a walk by himself. He told us he had several theories. One was that the whole thing was imaginary and brought on by the loneliness of the life the old man led, and the other was that the voices were closely connected with the house and had nothing whatsoever to do with the present owner. His third theory was that some spirit in trouble was trying to get through to Robinson with a definite purpose in view.

It was his second theory that led him to call on the Vicar. He found the elderly cleric in his garden, pruning the roses he hoped would

last till Christmas. Kingsley introduced himself as one who was interested in the house lately bought by Mr. Robinson. Did the Vicar know anything of its history, its age, the names of people who had lived there?

The Vicar did. He placed the house as early Georgian; said he knew nothing extraordinary about it historically, gave the names of three families who had lived in it during the past fifty years. The names were Trevick, Masterson and Williams. Of these families he had only known the Williamses well, but he had heard that one of the Trevicks had emigrated to Australia as a young man.

Kingsley thanked him for his information, and, after congratulating him on his fine show of flowers returned to Whiteleaf Manor. There he found that his host's son had arrived and in no time the three were discussing the reason for their being together.

Robinson's son was a company director of some forty years of age; a quiet, unassuming man, with something of his father's ruggedness about him, though obviously better educated.

When Kingsley found himself alone with the young Robinson he asked him a few questions. Had his father ever

tampered with spiritualism? Had he anything on his conscience? Had he cause for fear? To these three questions Kingsley received negative replies.

The subject was not touched upon again till after dinner that night and then only casually, since nothing would be of any novelty until and unless the recording machine worked that night. But the machine recorded nothing that night, and, except the sound of old Robinson going to bed, groaning a little, and then being called by the butler in the morning, the cylinder was blank.

Kingsley was disappointed, and when he noticed at breakfast how refreshed his host appeared to be, he began to think his visit was to be an abortive one. And it might have been so if the old man had not suggested that night that he should fetch out a bottle of old brandy from the cellar.

Kingsley offered to accompany him and hold the candle. Thereupon, Robinson leading, the two went alone down the cellar steps and soon found themselves in a big, vaulted room most excellently stocked with wines and spirits.

As Robinson was fitting a large and rusty key into the padlock which secured the iron grille containing the brandy, he called Kingsley to bring the light nearer. Clumsily Kingsley approached, tripped, dropped the candle, and only saved himself from falling by clutching on to his host.

(Continued on page xx).



Lee Garmes

Mlle. CHARLOTTE DE RIVOYRE

The very attractive daughter of M. le Capitaine de Rivoyre, Naval Attaché at the French Embassy. Mlle. de Rivoyre, who rides, swims and plays tennis with zest, is enthusiastic about London's social life and enjoys driving herself about its streets, was presented at Court on March 9. As Naval Attaché her father has arduous and particularly important work to do these days, for on him falls much of the vital business of co-ordinating Anglo-French naval plans. Having previously been in command of the battleship "Lorraine," M. le Capitaine de Rivoyre was appointed Naval Attaché in London directly after the September crisis. During the Great War he commanded a destroyer in the Dunkirk patrol



2 or 3 says fashion

Fashion turns again to Pearls as fashion always does when transient modes begin to pall. At least two rows must now be worn to satisfy the urge that calls to-day, as never before, for an aid to feminine loveliness that is not only beautiful, but also beautifying—and only Pearls are that.

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REAL PEARLS. Authentic cultured Real Pearls of which Ciro is the largest cash buyer in Europe may be chosen for as little as five guineas per row. These expertly selected Pearls are backed by a certificate of quality furnished by the Pacific Pearl Traders' Association and *Guaranteed for a Lifetime*. Money refunded if their equal can be found at less than double the price—take a month if

you wish, for purpose of comparison.

EXCHANGES. Ciro is always ready to quote the most generous possible allowance on Pearls of yesterday towards the cost of an entirely new Necklace of either Ciro Pearls or cultured Real Pearls. This service is of particular value to customers who now desire Pearls of a different tint from those they already possess.

ALTERATIONS. Ciro will be pleased to quote, without the slightest obligation, for alterations or additions to customers' own Necklaces whether of Ciro Pearls or cultured Real Pearls. This is a most

inexpensive way to keep abreast of fashion for Ciro normally asks no more than the bare cost of the additional pearls plus a purely nominal restringing fee.

CIRO'S SERVICE. Our reputation rests not only on the excellence of everything we sell but on the care we take to see that customers' own individual requirements are exactly fulfilled. To enjoy Ciro's specialised service you should visit one of our own shops or store departments, or write to 48, Old Bond St., London, W.1. We employ no agents, or distributors.



EXETER AND PLYMOUTH JOINT AERO CLUB BALL—BY "MEL"

Members of these two enterprising clubs held their first ball at the Grand Hotel, Torquay, recently. Some two hundred members and their guests attended. Mr. Whitney Straight is, of course, "the big noise" in these concerns, which have a combined membership of over five hundred. The names (l. to r.) are: D. J. Berrington (Plymouth), S. J. Cox (secretary, Whitney Straight Corporation), T. K. Breakell (chief instructor, Exeter Air Port), W. R. ("Curly") Parkhouse (manager, Exeter Air Port), Whitney Straight, N. W. Creasy (Exeter), and Councillor Charles Price, J.P. (Mayor of Torquay). (On wing, in front) R. J. B. Price (manager and chief instructor, Plymouth) and Sir Arthur Holley.

Fatness and Fitness.

OBESITY goes well with aviation. A statistical study of the body-build of air pilots, reported in the *Lancet* some time ago, showed that the overweights are better able to endure severe and prolonged physical and mental stress than the underweights. So down with slimming and its dismal diet sheets! Let the cult of the cadaverous be replaced by the Faith in Fat! "Let me have men (and women) about me that are fat." The *British Medical Journal* comments that bomber crews should be composed of overweights; but not only bomber crews, but all who fly. Thus disappears for ever the early misconception that those who go up into the air should be airy; that they should be ultra-lightweights living on desiccated carrot and distilled water. No doubt this new standing committee set up by Sir Kingsley Wood "to investigate and advise him on the medical aspects of all matters concerning personnel which might affect safety and efficiency in flying," under the chairmanship of Professor Sir Edward Mellanby, will take note of this and will see that Royal Air Force messes are encouraged to take a proper interest in food and wines.

Special piquancy attaches to this medical work at the moment because of Field-Marshal Göring's recent order to the German Air Force restricting drinking. Perhaps it would be an advantage if the members of that service were to stop drinking altogether and become shadows of their former selves—an advantage for us, I mean. Rightly or wrongly, I trace the hand of the head of the German Government rather than the hand of Göring in this order. It is ever noticeable that the ascetic itches to stop other people enjoying themselves. And, by the way, it is to be noticed that large numbers of major criminals are rabid teetotallers. There is no doubt that asceticism is as much a disease as chronic alcoholism, but its results tend to be more destructive. Health and humanity in air pilots and others call for freedom and good cheer. In final confirmation of the medical report I have been talking about, I must say that the finest aerobatic pilot I have ever known—a man who used to spend practically all day in the air—was enormously fat and could

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

only with difficulty be got into the small single-seater fighter in which he was wont to perform.

Orographical Globe.

A terrestrial globe of great interest and value is shortly to be presented to the Royal Air Force College by Sir Philip Sassoon. Orography is the branch of geography dealing with mountains, and these are shown in relief on the globe. It is of about 1·8 metres diameter. In order to bring out the arrangement of the land to the best advantage the vertical scale is exaggerated, being twenty times that of the horizontal scale. Land reliefs are coloured in greens and browns, and the sea and rivers in blue. Main great circle air routes are shown.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the value of a globe of this kind for those whose profession is aviation. Aircraft range is now such that every pilot must prepare himself to fly great distances non-stop. But most map projections are grossly misleading where such distances are concerned, and only a globe gives a true visual representation of a route. Problems of air power and air communications can be studied far better than with any map. The new globe has been made by Mr. C. d'O. Pilkington, a sculptor, from data specially supplied by Mr. D. L. Linton, Lecturer in Geography in the University of Edinburgh.

Cinquante Quatre.

Shortly after this issue of *The Tatler* appears, No. 54 Squadron of the Royal Air Force will hold an interesting guest-night, to which many old members of the squadron during the war of 1914 have been invited. Fifty-four came to be known as Cinquante Quatre, largely because of a book of parodies produced by one of its members and given this title. Fifty-four went over to France with Sopwith Pups and was, I think, one of the first Royal Flying Corps Squadrons, if not the first, to use this machine on active service. Subsequently it was equipped with Sopwith Camels.

The squadron served on the Somme and upon the Belgian coast and was called on for a great many varied duties. It took part in one of the biggest formation battles of the war,

(Continued on page 188)



These Matinée
filter tipped
Virginia cigarettes
in their
slim black case
cost 1/- for 15



PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

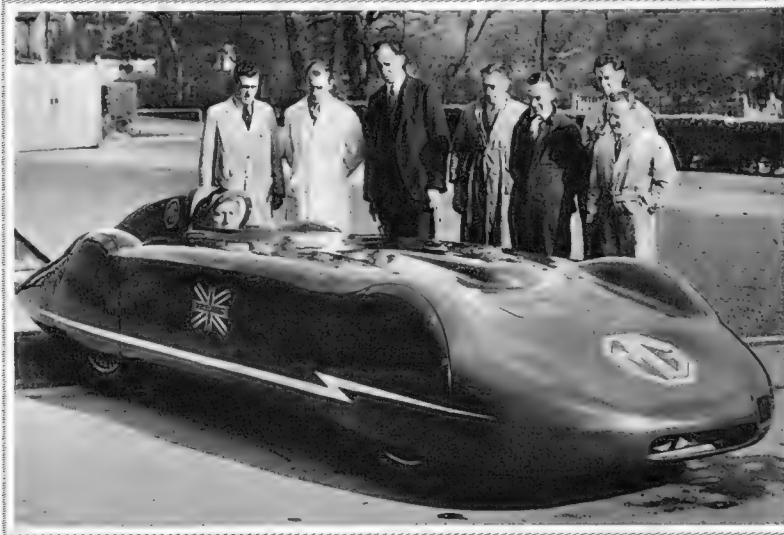
The Specialist.

WHILE you're reading this in a comfortable club chair your wandering scribe will be speeding over the R.A.C. Rally's "Colonial Section" somewhere between Scarborough and Buxton. For we're following the event as free-lances in a very amiable Wolseley car. I am particularly interested in this vehicle, because it incorporates seats of anatomically correct design, planned to soothe the over-eaten, under-exercised, and much-motored driver. At first you may be inclined to dismiss this claim as relatively unimportant, but if you consider that seat-shape may have a vital influence, not only on your driving safety and



SPRINGTIME IN DEVON

This delightful photograph of rural England was taken in the grounds of Cockington Court, Torquay, which has been in the possession of the Mallock family for many years. As can be seen from the photograph, the display of daffodils provides a sight for tired City dwellers' eyes. In the background is Cockington Church, and the car is a Sunbeam-Talbot "Ten".



BRITISH RACING MOTORIST TO ATTEMPT RECORD IN GERMANY

Major A. T. G. (Goldie) Gardner, the British racing driver, is to take a 10-h.p. car to Germany this month for a record attempt. He will drive his 1100 c.c. M.G. on the new *Autobahn* at Dessau, and attempt a new class record of 200 m.p.h. Major Gardner is seen seated in the cockpit of his car, which is five years old

comfort but also on your temper and digestion, you will see there's much more in it.

In this matter, my friend, W. M. W. Thomas, managing director of Wolseley's, is a specialist. In the course of his career, having tried many different cars with different types of seat, he came to the conclusion some time ago that there was room for an all-round improvement in their planning. But you can't design a seat simply as a seat and then plonk it into any sort of car with a hundred per cent. chance of success. You've got to plan it in relation to the pedals, steering wheel, dash and bonnet levels. A seat that's ideal in a small car might be most uncomfortable in a large one.

Skeleton at the Wheel.

But Thomas also discovered certain valuable fundamental principles. By contacting the orthopaedic staff of one of the largest London hospitals, who were only too delighted to assist in this research as some small return for what Lord Nuffield had done for the medical profession, he got a steel template made which gave the average lumbar curve for twenty representative skeletons. It was

necessary to strike this average form owing to the variation in the stroke-bore ratio of different people's bodies.

Further cogitation revealed the fact that the average seat did not push the lumbar curve forward sufficiently, but allowed the spine to sag. In other words, the seat should afford more support to the small of the back. When this part of the body is supported the tummy does not sag, and you straighten up rather in the way recommended by some of the Hornibrook abdominal doctrines.

That, basically, is the secret of the Wolseley anatomical seat. It allows the spine to assume its natural position with the head poised vertically over it, instead of allowing it to flop and so strain the muscles unnecessarily.

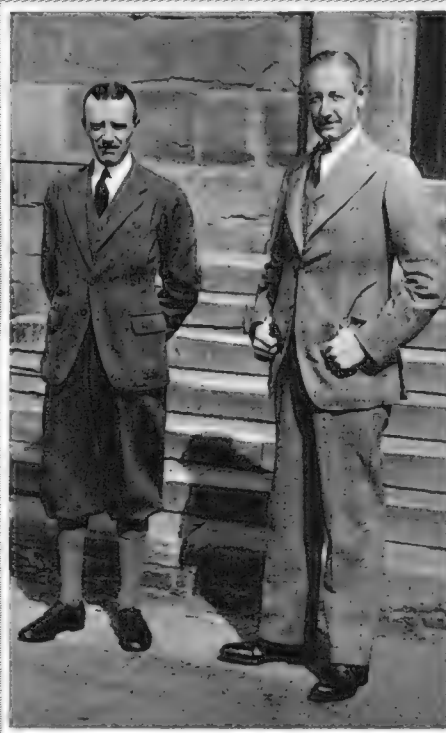
Aid to Digestion.

It also has a far more important advantage in that it prevents the flexible tubes of the tummy from getting kinks in them. This allows digestion free play. You can test this theory yourself, for, after a heavy meal and a quarter of an hour at the wheel, you'll feel you'd like to stretch out vertically. In doing this you're simply taking the kinks out of the tummy tubes and giving your digestion a natural chance to function.

De-drinking the Driver.

Another point of interest: a man who had had just enough to drink without being drunk, when seated in a car with non-anatomically designed seats, would almost certainly become drunk and drive badly, because his digestion was not functioning properly. But stand him up for a few minutes and allow his digestion to work, and he'll soon be sober again. For this reason it is difficult for police doctors to certify drivers as drunk in charge unless they can test them as soon as they emerge from the car.

(Continued on page 188)



Truman Howell

LIEUT.-COLONEL G. LOW AND LIEUT.-COLONEL J. A. HERBERT, M.P., AT MONMOUTH CASTLE

Lieut.-Colonel G. Low (left) has just given up command of the Royal Monmouth Royal Engineers and is seen with his successor, Lieut.-Colonel J. A. Herbert, M.P. for Monmouth. The R.M.R.E. is the only Militia unit in the British Army

The illustration shows a Wolseley "Super Six".

Prices—
21 h.p. or 25 h.p.
saloons . £395

Dunlops, Triplex
and Jackalls, of
course.



Wolseley-over England

SUCCESS is no accident. It is the reward of those whose goal is a little ahead of others and whose ability to reach it a good deal greater. And this applies equally to a Wolseley owner, for his

Wolseley is, in the eyes of the world, a tangible proof of his good taste and judgment. Have you considered buying a Wolseley car yourself? Would it not be an interesting experience to try one?

Air Eddies—(Continued from page 184)

when a whole wing went out in layers and met about an equal number of German aeroplanes. The resultant mix-up was an astonishing sight, with aeroplanes tumbling about in all directions and missing one another by inches. Both sides lost a lot of good men that day.

Air Poems.

In writing the preface to his book of verse, *Night Flight*, Mr. Leonard Taylor seems to me to hit out at an opponent who isn't there. He condemns, by implication, "new poetry" and says that his verses are "a plain man's poems." I think that there are many different kinds of verse, many of them having their own special merits, but not being related to the other kinds. Mr. Taylor's verses have no relation to the work of Mr. E. E. Cummings—to whom he refers in this preface. Yet I personally find good in both. I enjoy Cummings very much indeed. When, in "Five," he says to the "very lady" that the "puerile moving of your arm will do suddenly that—will do more than heroes beautifully in shrill armour colliding on huge blue horses," I get a new and vivid picture flashed into my mind.

But I can enjoy in a different way verse in other modes and so, I think, can most people. At any rate I liked enormously many of the things in Mr. Taylor's *Night Flight*. "An Airman to the B.B.C. Nightingale" provides a delightful counterpoint of impressions and that likening of the silent sailplanes over Dunstable's long hills to "sleepy rural constables patrolling through the night" is felicitous. In fact this little book is full of good stuff.

Petrol Vapour—(Continued from page 186)

The actual springing of a seat is studied as carefully as its contouring. Very accurate gauges are used throughout assembly, and even the periodicity of the springs is confined to narrow limits. It has even been known for the periodicity of the seats springing to conflict with the periodicity of the road springs with disastrous results. In an extreme case a car whose suspension seemed faulty was cured of bounce by tying back the springs in the seat cases. This prevented the passengers from bouncing on the seat in harmony with the car's own bounces.

Thirty Hours at the Wheel.

Of course the acid test of seat comfort is provided by several hours of continual driving. One of the most comfortable seats I ever sat in was that of a Jack Barclay Bentley bodied by James Young Ltd.,

of Bromley. I gave it a super test by driving for something like thirty hours on end. But so well did the seat fit and so evenly was the weight met and distributed that there were practically no signs of stiffness or soreness at the end of the run. This body builder also agrees that the commonest fault in seat design is insufficient support for the small of the back. At this point the seat should be firm, while the support for the shoulders should be soft. Otherwise one assumes an awkward and curved position, one's head is out of balance and one's tummy is considerably compressed, thus creating lassitude and tending to set up indigestion.

Road v. Showroom Test.

Some owners when testing seats in a garage or showroom seem to prefer a reclining position, i.e., a wide angle between the legs and torso. But when they take the road these same people almost invariably change their minds and go back to a more vertical setting, in which their bodies are better balanced and more able to absorb road shocks.

Cushions are sometimes made too soft at the back, and so unnecessarily compress the tummy. It is also a mistake to have the cushions too long, because when the driver brakes or declutches he has to depress the springs in the front edge of the cushions, as well as the pedals. Another detail that sometimes escapes notice is the position of arm-rests. Front seat arm-rests are attached to the doors, and in some cases are made adjustable. But when this is not done the level of the side and central rests should be the same, so as to preserve a sense of balance.

Peers on Body Planning.

While on body details I noted that in the Peers' Prevention of Accidents Report, the advantages of sliding doors or doors that were hinged at the leading instead of the trailing edge were discussed as a safety first measure. On the James Young body referred to above the doors did not pivot on hinges and open in an arc. Instead they moved outwards a short way from the body, and then backward and parallel to it. This idea not only facilitates entrance and exit in cases where the car is parked close to a wall or another vehicle, but also produces the novel feature of self-closing doors, an action brought into effect by making a brisk get-away.



W I N G S

To the man with whom speed is second nature yet whose position demands a car of dignity—the Alvis Speed 25 makes a big appeal. For never was a car such a joy to pilot or such a pleasure to own—never one so eagerly responsive or so silently obedient. On crowded street or open road—at 9 or 99 m.p.h.—the Alvis Speed 25 takes command in a manner that speaks worlds for the

craftsmanship that goes to its making. Built by men to whom mass production is a foreign language, with the same infinite care bestowed on the finest aircraft engines, the Alvis Speed 25 is a tribute to British engineering with a performance to delight every motorist worthy of the name. Arrange for a trial run now or write for illustrated catalogue.

THE ALVIS RANGE: 12/70 from £425. "Silver Crest" from £595. Speed 25 4-door Saloon £885. (Drophead Coupe £885. Sports Tourer £735.) 4.3 litre from £995. London Showrooms: 7/9 St. James's St., S.W.1 (Whi 8506). Alvis Ltd., Coventry



SUMMER

SHELL



FROM

MAY TO OCTOBER

Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 173)

A recent mention (with picture) of the Calcutta Hunt, doing escort duty at the wedding of one of its prominent members (Mr. R. E. Harding who married Miss Hazel Bent at Dum Dum the place where the famous bullet was first invented), will have made some Old Ditchers sit up with surprise since there has not been an official pack of foxhounds called by that name since 1851, or probably a few years before that. The Calcutta Hunt was started originally some time before 1822, the actual date is obscure, and the scheme was to import a pack or drafts every year and build up on anything that was left over—not much left as I gather, because the abominable climate knocked most of them out, and in those times, apparently, no one thought of sending them away to the hills to summer as the Peshawar Vale and some other Indian packs manage to do. But about the middle 'sixties they decided that hunting was not quite good enough and paperchasing was substituted. This is done on very up-to-date lines, and is really little less than a steeplechase over a built-up but undisclosed line of about four to five miles. The track is laid with paper, but the big idea is not to catch the paper-foxes, but to make a race of it to the winning flags, and a pretty rough and tumble sort of race it is. Owing to the size of the field and the narrowness of the obstacles the scrum is pretty fierce and a fall a pretty h'awful thing—for the odds are you will have two or three down on top of you.

* * *

At various times private individuals have kept packs of foxhounds in or near Calcutta. In 1885-1886, for instance, Lord Herbrand Russell (as he then was), the late Duke of Bedford, who was then in the

Guards, and on the late Lord Dufferin's staff, had a pack which used to hunt anywhere and everywhere excepting in Calcutta, and, if memory serves me right, was whipped into by the late Lord Ava, who was then Lord Clandeboye. Mr. A. Milton has always been keen on hunting and has on and off had a pack of hounds of one sort or another, generally half foxhounds and the rest Heinz hounds. But it remained for that sporting young nobleman, the late Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, to make the only determined effort to resuscitate the old days, and whilst on Lord Curzon's staff he hunted Calcutta for two seasons 1899 to 1902, with a pack which he had sent out from home to him, and he showed fair sport, but came to the ultimate conclusion that the country and the climate were all against hounds, and finally gave it up. Whilst they lasted, however, the S. & B. Hounds were a decided acquisition, and no more popular Master ever carried the horn than his lordship. Mr. W. K. Dods has also hunted with his own pack of foxhounds from Calcutta but rarely in the actual country round that city, which, though literally crawling with jackals, is too cramped to make it much fun. Mr. Dods used to hunt at a spot farther up the river, Kanchrapara, where it was more open, and very good sport he showed. Dick Westmacott and Alf Milton used to turn hounds to him and it was a very well done show, pink coats and all. The country over which we used to paperchase in my time was all right for that sort of game, at which you can pick the line, but not much good for a pack of hounds. It is more open Dum Dum way, where I understand the present pack is kennelled, and of course in these days they can send hounds away to Darjeeling (7,000 feet) and fairly cool and naturally far better than the roasting and stewing hot weather and rains of the plains. Anyway, here's luck to the re-born Calcutta Hunt and I hope they have had a good season.



MRS. RICHARD EDRIDGE WITH
A PALM BEACH SAIL FISH

This thirty-four pounder measuring 6 feet 4 inches was Mrs. Edridge's first capture and naturally she was quite appropriately proud. Mrs. Edridge is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reveley of Furze Down, Warlingham, Surrey, and she and her husband have been fishing off Palm Beach with Captain William T. Baxter



12 h.p. Riley Saloon
£310.

12 h.p. Riley Drop-head Touring Saloon
£335.

Sprite Engines £25 extra

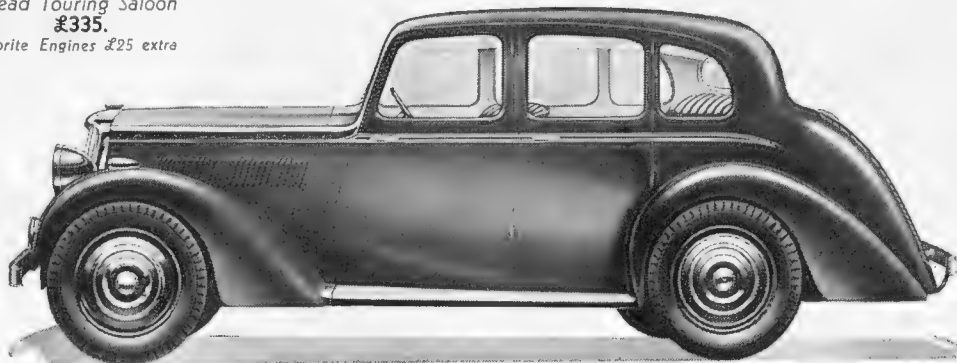
True to the old traditions

Here's the most outstanding car Riley have ever put on the market. New in every sense of the word yet still remaining faithful to the intrinsic character which first lifted Riley Cars out of the crowd.

All the best known Riley Features have been retained, but the power unit gives a performance which exceeds even Riley's previous best.

There is a 4-speed synchromesh gearbox to top, third and second, more commodious seating and surprising luggage accommodation.

See this model for yourself. Test its performance on the road, you'll be astonished.



12 H.P. RILEY SALOON £310

16 h.p. Riley Saloon
£385.

16 h.p. Riley Drop-head Touring Saloon
£410.

Prices ex works,
Dunlop Tyres and Triplex
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Sole Exporters: M I E. Ltd., Cowley, Oxford, England





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TO THE LATE KING
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DRY GIN



Quality
ACHIEVED BY
Maturity

● The superlative quality
of BOOTH'S DRY GIN can only
be achieved in one way...by
patient and careful maturing.
Ask for Booth's yourself, you'll agree that it's

Definitely Superior!



Picture by Blake

READY for the sun and important social functions which follow in the wake of Easter is this flattering shady hat from Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly Circus. It is of Leghorn, and a study in cyclamen shades, the crown being encircled with a wreath of miniature fuchsia. Here are to be seen many versions of the small tip-tilted hat carried out in paillasson, tambourin and other straws. Quills, wings and ribbons appear in unexpected places, while the importance of veil draperies cannot be over-estimated. Fashion is ever inconsistent; nevertheless, one cannot help admiring the way in which she persists throughout the year in the wearing of felts. This season those introducing the classic line are more desirable than ever

★ Hats by Scotts of Bond Street

American

FIT-

America had the sizes. Britain had the wool. "We'll combine them," we said at Wolsey, "and give women the best of both worlds!" So we adopted American sizing and created soft, luxurious tricots in our own pedigree wools. The result is a series of jacket frocks, dresses and woollies which achieve a new 'high,' as the Americans say, in fit and snap. Write to Wolsey, Leicester, for our coloured booklet 'American Fit'—then go to your shop and see the whole inspiring collection!



California 3½ gns.

Beverley 4½ gns.

Another Wolsey Winner



Simple SYMPHONY

HATS that are simple, nevertheless distinctive, may be seen in the salons of Lincoln Bennett, 3 Burlington Gardens, Old Bond Street. Should a visit not be possible, then the illustrated brochure will be sent on application. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that there are admirable hats for sports and country wear from 21s. 9d.



A SLIGHT idea of the graceful lines of the Lincoln Bennett hats may be gleaned from the illustrations on this page. Panama makes the hat at the top of the page. It costs 35s. 9d. A new note is struck by the brim with a "gutter edge." The colour of the ribbon which encircles the crown may be chosen to suit the prospective wearer. On the right of this page in the centre is another panama hat, important features of which are the indented triangle crown with "slanting" brim which turns up at the back. One may become the possessor of it for 29s. 9d. Felt makes the hat at the base of the page on the left. It must be related that the brim slightly dips on to the forehead. This is a conceit which is very flattering, making it easy to wear. Neither must it be forgotten that it costs only 25s. 9d.

Pictures by Blake



's NICE OF YOU to help me choose a hat. I'm never certain of my taste now, but if you approve I shall be sure I've got the right thing.

I enjoy it. And it's so important for you to look your best at Enid's wedding, bless her.

If only I could buy a summer face with a summer hat! I feel my face goes on being winter... or at any rate, a rather nipped spring...

I expect it's these shop mirrors: they always make you look your worst and everyone is so surprised at seeing their own profile.

I'll be honest, my dear, and admit at home I never look into any mirror if I can avoid it. Enid, dear child, gave me one of those magnifying mirrors and thinks I use it—she must often wonder why my powder goes on so patchily.

I suppose she thinks your sight can't be too good?

Nothing is too good. That's the trouble. I've let everything slip. If only I could do something about it.

Now, what do you do to your looks? Have you only heaven to thank for that kind of under-radiance that makes you so attractive? If you could only tell me something to do....

The hat buying is put aside. The worried lady is told how she, too, can get that look of "under-radiance." It comes from regular visits to 24 Old Bond Street, where Josephine Kell removes wrinkles and renews beauty with her own special technique. She herself will explain to you her treatment in detail any time you care to make an appointment. Her telephone number is Regent 2320. Her address:

24 Old Bond Street, W.1

Josephine Kell
—she makes women beautiful

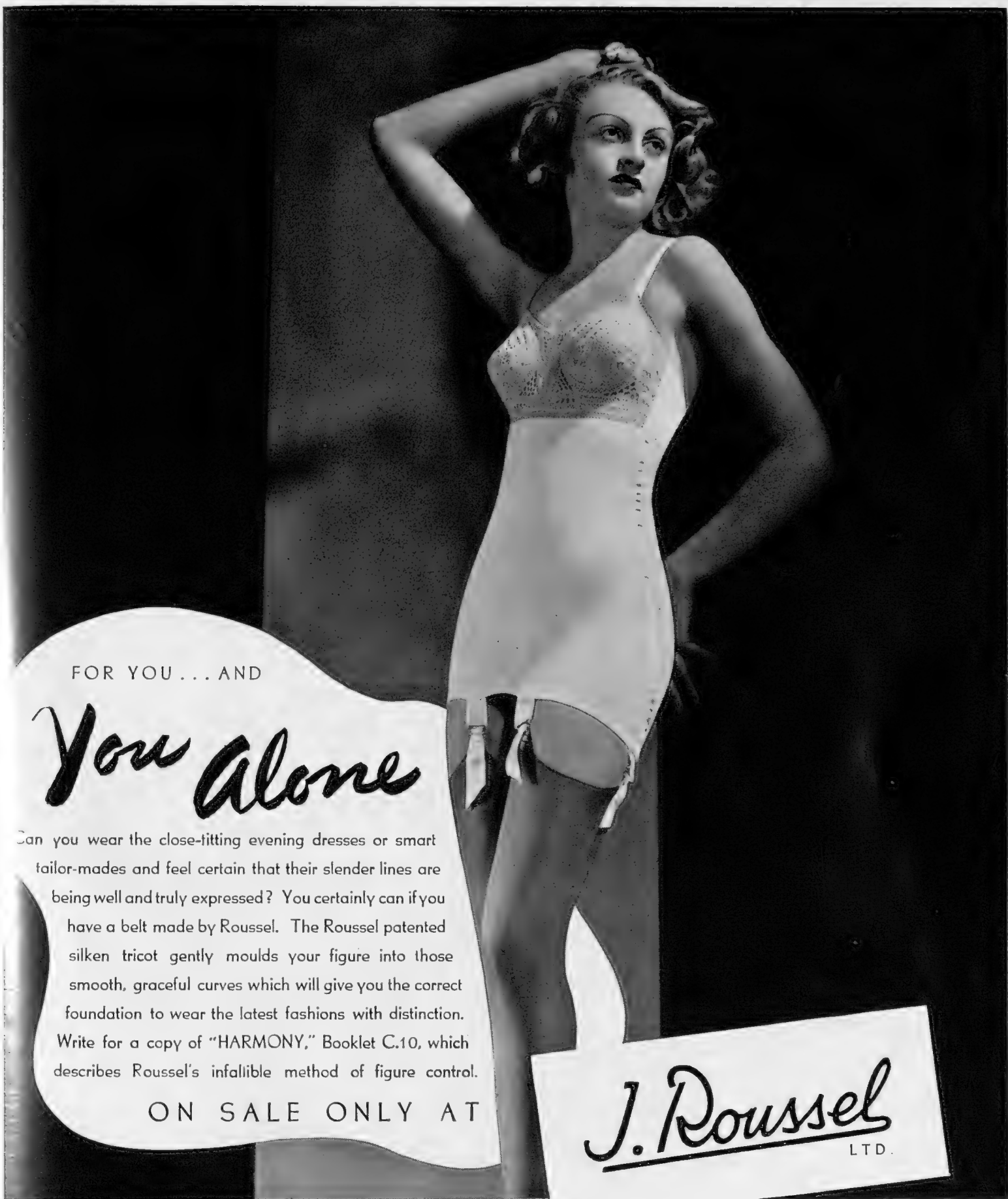
Have you tried Madame Kell's No. 5 treatment—at one guinea—with her own massage routine and her own specially prepared creams?

From NEW YORK

THERE is a certain glamour about the fashions whose origin is New York. Therefore, Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have sent their emissaries there, and they have returned with perfectly delightful collections. It is in the Hostess Department that the dresses portrayed on this page may be seen. The model on the right is delightful for an informal dinner or dance. The material is soft floral taffeta; a very important feature is the lastex yarn, which is used to hold the gauging at the waist in position. It is 6 guineas, and so is the dress worn by the seated figure, the draped sash picking up the most important colour. Furthermore, there are the gipsy dresses with striped, almost umbrella, skirts, the corsage portion being cut on the lines of a shirt; although there is a sliding fastener in front they are only 4 guineas. For 59s. 6d. there are seersucker house-coats with sliding fasteners



Pictures by Blak-



FOR YOU . . . AND

You Alone

Can you wear the close-fitting evening dresses or smart tailor-mades and feel certain that their slender lines are being well and truly expressed? You certainly can if you have a belt made by Roussel. The Roussel patented silken tricot gently moulds your figure into those smooth, graceful curves which will give you the correct foundation to wear the latest fashions with distinction. Write for a copy of "HARMONY," Booklet C.10, which describes Roussel's infalible method of figure control.

ON SALE ONLY AT

J. Roussel
LTD.

179/181 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1 and 74 NEW BOND STREET, W.1
35 KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1

Branches : Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hove, Leeds, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Nottingham and Southport

Supplying direct to the public J. Roussel is able to offer his Roussel Belts at prices lower than those obtaining for good class corsets of the usual type. Deep Hip-belts, from £2/2/- Long-belts (with hand-made lace brassiere combined), from £4/14/- Lace Brassieres, from £1/10/- Elastic Lace Brassieres from £2/2/- Panties, from £2/2/- Perfect fitting is guaranteed and a six months' guarantee is given with each article

M.C.5.



Summer Simplicity



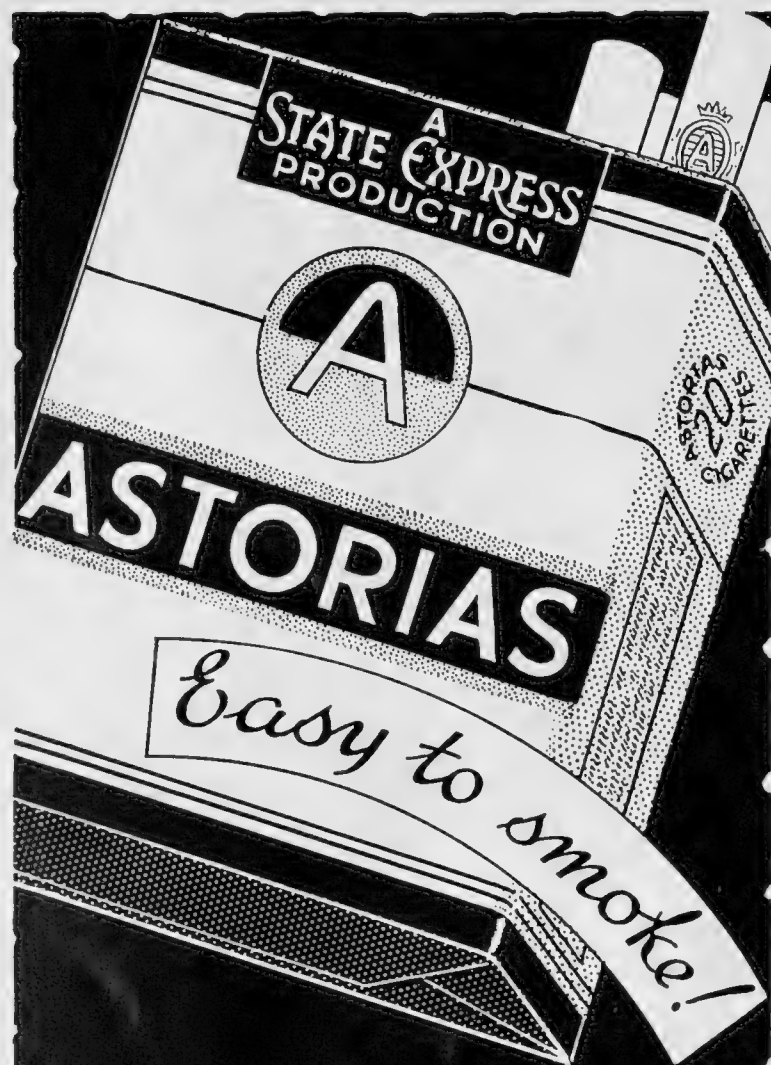
NETTA, 95 New Bond Street, is decidedly successful in creating fashions for the not-so-slender, and her prices may be described as more than pleasant. A witness to this fact is that the dress portrayed above is 4½ guineas. The skirt is of black satin-back romaine, and the corsage, so cleverly draped, is of moss crêpe. The sash is graceful, while pleats are introduced at the back and front of the skirt. Should a long skirt be preferred and an oxidized lamé corsage, the price is 5½ guineas. Particularly interesting is the brochure entitled "Spring Comes to Netta"; it will gladly be sent on application. Illustrated therein are slenderizing frocks for 3½ guineas in angora finish wool

NOWHERE is the art of creating simple, nevertheless decorative, blouses better understood than in Coulson's salons at 105 New Bond Street. There is ever something about them which places them on a plane apart. There are many points of interest in the model above. It is made of silk georgette, such an attractive material; there is a panel of tucking down the front flanked with frills. The turn-down Eton collar has many advantages. Then it must be noted that the price is 3½ guineas. The blouse below is of a new fabric in which satin and wool share honours, and of it one may become the possessor for 59s. 6d. The catalogue is worthy of study; it will be sent gratis and post free

Pictures by Blake

It is a British tradition
to offer your guests
Schweppes





The Novel Invention in Cigarette Blending

20 for 1/-

TRY THEM & ENJOY
TOBACCO SATISFACTION

Tennis—(Continued from page 176)

ordinary public. And because this state of affairs has indirectly also put money into the pockets of the L.T.A., nothing definite, nothing drastic has been done about the flagrant flouting of the amateur rules. But now at last, owing to the increasing menace of real honest-to-goodness professionalism, the authorities have had to make a show of making a stand. They have instituted a feeble imitation of the famous Star Chamber of history; they have sent for leading players and interrogated them in regard to the manner that they expended their prize vouchers. One young man, for instance, it transpired, possessed two radio sets which he alleged he had acquired through the pieces of paper that are handed out, signed by the secretary of each tournament, on finals day. "What do you want with two radio sets?" the committee inquired. No one seems to know what the young man answered in reply to this leading question, which seemed even sillier than the majority of the things that judges ask, such as, "Who is Garbo?" But what I myself would like to know is how the majority of our players who regularly each winter depart to the most luxurious hotels in the South of France, or go even further afield in their pursuit of championships, succeed in supporting themselves in a manner which many film stars would envy. Of course, we know what the salary of a film star is, and we know, too, that most of our leading tennis players have little, if any, acknowledged income at all. Naturally, I am not referring to someone like Pat Hughes, who quite legitimately travels far afield every year, playing tennis, because he is the representative of a well-known sports firm, and is therefore only combining business and pleasure at the same time, and doing it with the maximum of success in both spheres. No, I am referring to all the players who openly rejoice in their freedom from any business ties, which make their freedom from any financial ties all the more strange and reprehensible. For manna does not descend from Heaven, even upon the centre court at Wimbledon.

So really it comes to this. In raising this present inquiry, as regard what tennis players do with their prize vouchers, the L.T.A. are simply dealing with the fringes of the scandal. It is true, undoubtedly that many tennis players have an arrangement with shops by which they can cash in their vouchers by sacrificing a percentage of the full amount. But what is this drop in the ocean beside the actual money that is paid over by committees under the heading of "Extras," in addition to the hotel bills that are paid by proxy, and the railway fares, not only to Brighton and back, but to Port Said and Athens and Monte Carlo. There lies the real crux of the situation. And the will of the players is to clash with the will of the governing body and inevitably a great deal of the unpleasantness of the washing dirty tennis clothes to take place in public, then at least it should occur on the major issue, and let all the minor infringements automatically be dealt with in the ensuing clean-up of the Aegean dressing-rooms.

By the way, I see that at the annual meeting of the International Lawn Tennis Federation in Paris, a resolution was put up by the United States' Association, seeking to restrain all governing bodies from getting in touch with famous players, so that they may take part in foreign tournaments, without first letting their own association know of the invitation.

The cause of this resolution is to be found in the trip that Budge and Mako paid to middle Europe last year as soon as Wimbledon was over. Instead of the two Americans going to take part in the German championships at Hamburg, they decided that they would prefer the more salubrious air of Czecho-Slovakia and Yugoslavia, with the result that the German tournament lost a lot of its star players from these two countries who preferred to challenge the Americans on their own soil. Of course, there is no doubt that Budge and Mako were, in the politest possible fashion, bribed to desert Hamburg for Prague and Zagreb. Indeed, they admitted, when their action was criticized in America, having received liberal expenses. But they put forward, as their argument, that they were at liberty to "go on holiday" after the strain and anxiety of representing their country at Wimbledon. And they got away with it, too—this time. But they were warned, in pretty direct language, that it was not to occur again.

Well, since then, Budge has gone over to the real professional ranks, and I imagine it is only a question of time before many of his compatriots follow him. Meanwhile, Bobbie Riggs, who is the star play-boy in America at this moment, and two midshipmen of the United States' Navy, J. R. Hunt, who is number five in the national ranks, and D. A. Marks, who is number one of the Navy Universities' Lawn Tennis team, are being sent over officially by the Federation to represent their country at Wimbledon. But already a warning has been issued, that from now on, expense accounts will be examined with a lynx-like eye. Meanwhile, it looks as though players in our own country are going to continue to flout the amateur rules in regard to their living expenses, in just as luxurious a manner as they have in previous years. At the beginning of each season, there is a great deal of talk about tightening up the regulations, but so long as the L.T.A. refuse to accept the eight weeks' rule—more about that another time—so long will players without any accredited financial backing of their own, succeed in enjoying such comforts of living as most of us have to toil for far more than forty-eight hours every week to secure

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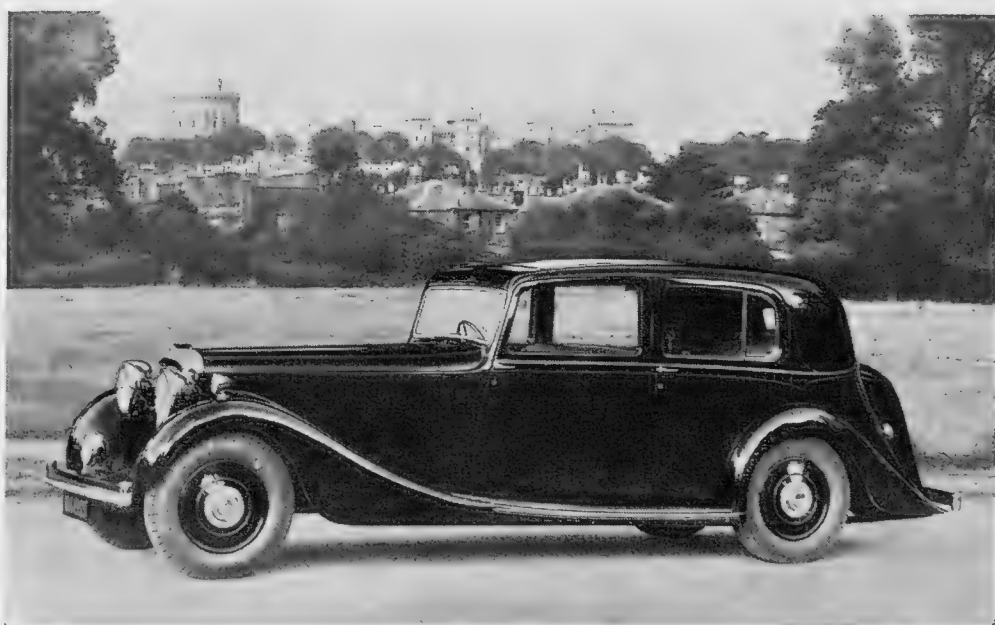
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MR. AND MRS. A. W. STEPHENSON



CAPTAIN AND MRS. R. F. S. GOOCH

Here are some notable nuptials. Mr. Nigel Turner is the first bridegroom, the son of Mr. Geoff Turner who is one of the finest dry-fly fishermen in England and lives at Hungerford Park, Berks, and the bride is the charming daughter of Major Sir Joseph and Lady Ball, he also being a famous angler. The wedding was at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. Mr. Stephenson, son of the late Sir Guy Stephenson was married at St. Martin-in-the-Fields to Miss Gloria Congreve, only daughter of the late Major William La Touche Congreve, V.C.—son of another V.C., the late General Sir Walter Congreve—and also a granddaughter of the famous actor Mr. Cyril Maude. Captain Gooch, Coldstream Guards, youngest son of Sir Thomas Gooch, married Miss Barbara Susan Hoare at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. W. D. Hoare and the late Mr. W. D. Hoare

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

May Weddings Abroad.

Mr. D. M. Ogilvy, of Brook Street, W.1, is marrying Miss Melinda Graeme Street, of Bon Air, Virginia, on the 10th May. The wedding will take place in Richmond, Virginia. Another May wedding is that of Colonel E. N. Goddard, M.V.O., O.B.E., M.C., and Miss Elizabeth Prioleau. This will be in Burma.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. G. Godfrey-Faussett, elder son of Captain Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett, G.C.V.O., C.M.G., R.N., and Lady Godfrey-Faussett, of The Ranger's Lodge, Hyde Park, and Stella Mary, daughter of the Rt. Hon. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, P.C., of Rowfant,



LADY BARBARA LINDSAY

The youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, who is to marry Mr. R. L. Hurst, the elder son of Sir Cecil Hurst, G.C.M.G., Vice-President of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, and of Lady Hurst

Sussex, and the late Mrs. Locker-Lampson, of Barlbrough Hall, Chesterfield; Mr. H. Campbell, eldest son of Colonel Hugh Campbell, D.S.O., O.B.E., and of Mrs. L. F. Maitland-Kirwan, of Gelston Castle, Kirkcudbrightshire, and Evelyn Ruth, younger daughter of Sir Robert and Lady McLean, of Five Oaks, Wentworth; Major J. M. Bruce Steer, 2nd/15th Punjab Regiment, only son of the late Captain T. Bruce Steer, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bruce Steer, of Minehead, Somerset, and Lawre, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Falkiner, of New South Wales; Lieutenant T. P. Kinloch-Jones, R.N., only son of the Rev. E. and Mrs. Kinloch-Jones, of Blakeney Rectory, Norfolk, and Cinderella Stack, only daughter of Major H. T. Stack, O.B.E., and the late Mrs. Stack, of Hinton House, Londonderry, Northern Ireland; Mr. J. B. Molony,



MR. AND MRS. G. C. P. LANCE

After their recent wedding at Holy Trinity Church, Bangalore. The bride was formerly Miss Daphne Milton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Milton, of Bangalore, and the bridegroom, who is in the Somerset Light Infantry, is the son of Brigadier-General Lance, of Woking

youngest son of Sir Thomas Molony, Bt., and Lady Molony, of Wimbledon, and Marjory, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. G. Higgs, of Walmer, Kent; Mr. P. A. G. Dixey, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Dixey, of Culverwood House, near Hertford, and Mary, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Garrod, of Ardville, Hollywood, County Down; Sir Giles Loder, Bt., of Leonardslee, Hordsham, only son of the late Captain Robert Egerton Loder, and Lady Loder, and Marie, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Symons-Jeune, of Runnymede House, Old Windsor; Mr. G. Guthrie, only son of Sir Connop Guthrie, Bt., K.B.E., and Lady Guthrie, of Brent Eleigh Hall, Lavenham, and Rhona Leslie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Stileman, of Bombay, and Wythburn Court, W.1; Mr. J. R. Wemyss, Frontier Force Rifles, elder son of the late Vice-Admiral E. W. E. Wemyss, R.N., and of Mrs. Wemyss, of Knowles Tooth, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex, and Isabel Betty Blake, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Blake, of The Red House, Betchworth, Surrey; Mr. G. T. Orton, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, younger son of Major-General Sir Ernest Orton, K.C.I.E., C.B., and Lady Orton, of Chantry Ridge, Guildford, and Margaret Stewart, younger daughter of the late Major Samuel Rigg, 5th Border Regiment, and of Mrs. Rigg, of Andover. Flight-Lieutenant J. C. Harcombe, youngest son of the late Samuel Harcombe, and Mrs. Harcombe, of Malvern, and Virginia Mary, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Butler, of Portishead, Bristol.



MISS PAMELA CAYZER

Whose engagement was recently announced to Captain the Hon. R. Hamilton-Russell, 17th/21st Lancers, the second son of Viscount and Viscountess Boyne, of Brancepeth Castle, Durham. Miss Cayzer is the elder daughter of Major Sir Herbert Cayzer, Bart., M.P., and Lady Cayzer, of Tynley Hall, Hants.



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CORGI

Property of Miss Hawkins

Committee, where he will be much missed. The old guard are passing on, and, owing I suppose to the general levelling of everything, there does not seem to be the same vigorous personality among the younger ones. To Mrs. Buckley and the family we offer deep sympathy.

Gertrude Lady Decies whose death is also announced was in her young days a great feature of our association. She was one of the pioneers of the women exhibitors movements, and before her marriage owned a successful kennel of Pekinese who had only come to England a short time previously. She also had a stud of chinchilla Persian cats. Ch. Filmer Zaida was well known wherever an interest was taken in cats. Lady Decies was for several years a member of our committee. In addition to Pekinese Lady Decies kept Greyhounds and Whippets.

The West of England Ladies' Kennel Society's Show takes place at Cheltenham on May 3. This is one of our best shows and is always worth going to see. It is held in the Pittville Gardens.

The Corgi has become immensely popular, and bids fair soon to rival the most sought-after breeds. He is intelligent, hardy, and his appearance, which is a little out of the ordinary, is very attractive. Miss Hawkins has a successful kennel of Corgis headed by Scarab of Gays, who is by Ch. Fitzgerald Paul. Miss Hawkins is very particular as

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The death of Mr. Holland Buckley removes an outstanding personality from the kennel world. Though first and foremost a Terrier man, he was much sought after as judge, as he was a man of strong character and not afraid of his own opinion. He was one of the leading members of the Kennel Club

to temperament as well as looks; no nervous dogs are bred from. All her dogs have free range over ten acres, all are trained to house and car, and the numbers limited so that all have individual attention; none are merely kennel dogs. There are some promising puppies for sale, the photograph is of their mother

Miss Hawkins also keeps a herd of pedigree Anglo-Nubian goats, which she breeds and shows, and the

puppies and bitches benefit from their milk, which is higher in butter fat than any other breed of goats.

After hanging fire for some time the Australian Terrier is now becoming popular. They are hardy little dogs, game, intelligent and their small size makes them easy to keep. The ones seen here are mostly blue and tan, but red is also allowed. Mrs. Chesney sends a photograph of her red dog Grendon Red Shadow. This dog is an Indian champion and was taken there from Australia by Mrs. Chesney. Mrs. Chesney is bringing home a team, all red; one of the bitches is an Indian champion too. They are to be in Mrs. Sugden's care; all inquiries should be addressed to her.

One is so accustomed to seeing French Bulldogs dark brindle, in fact nearly black, that it comes as a shock to realize that they can be any other colour. As a matter of fact, any colour is allowed except blue, and liver coloured. Mrs. Sugden sends a photograph of a six months old bitch, she says "of a glorious golden with jet black points;" she is bred from dark parents, her sire being Ch. Borilet and her dame Jennifer of Silpho. I don't know why the convention arose that French Bulldogs must be dark, as black is forbidden. Mrs. Sugden usually has puppies for sale, all beautifully bred and well reared.

Letters to Miss Bruce, "Nuthooks," Cadnam, Southampton.



AUSTRALIAN TERRIER

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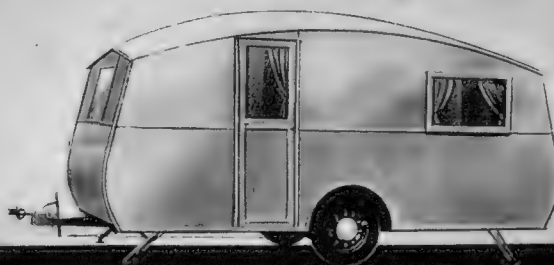
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ALSO AT CANNES: SIR WELDON
AND LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS

Round the Riviera goes our camera and meets several interesting people. The Principe Orsini, who with his wife, the former Miss Laura Schwarz, of Los Angeles, has been staying at Monte Carlo, is a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire and 20th Duca di Gravina. The family, of which he is the head, is very famous in Italian history, and dates from round about A.D. 1000. One of the loveliest girls in international Riviera society is the Baronin von Krieger, lately among patrons of Cannes. She was photographed with a crack racing driver, Mr. Zehender; behind them will be found the cheerful face of Herr von Schwedler, alias "Indefatigable Charlie." Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, popular Mayfairites, are seen outside their hotel, the Miramar, at Cannes, where they have been staying for some two months. They plan to return to London shortly

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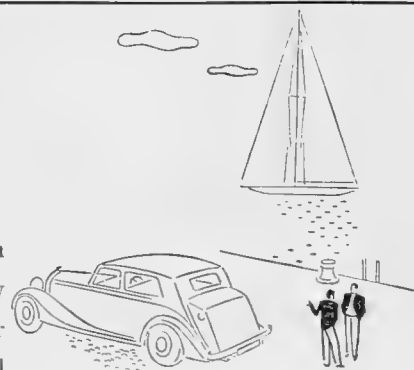
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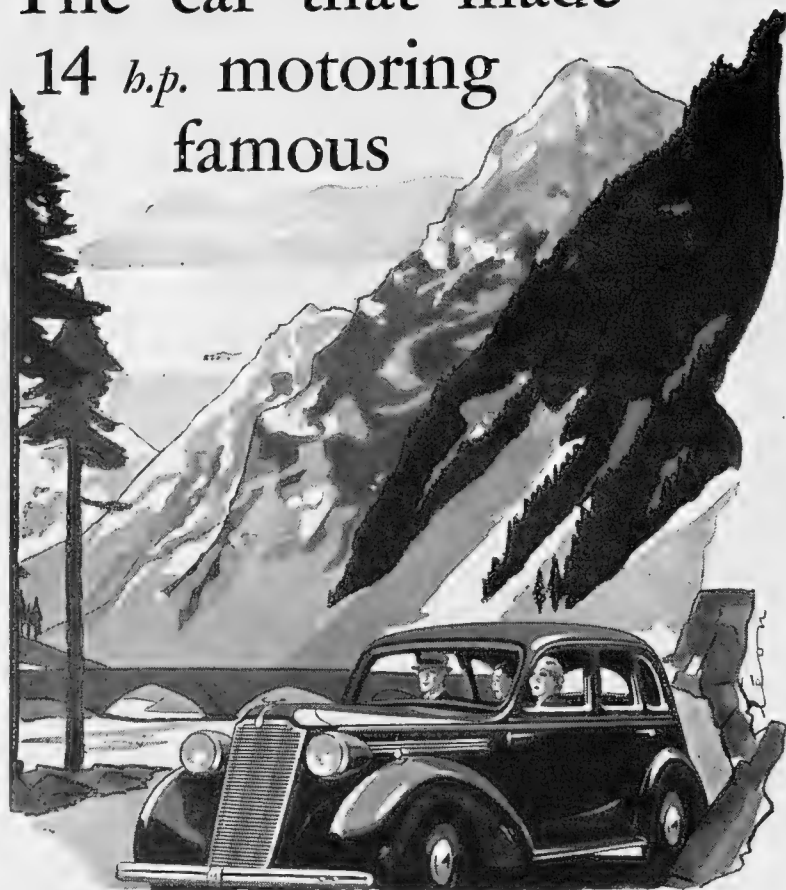
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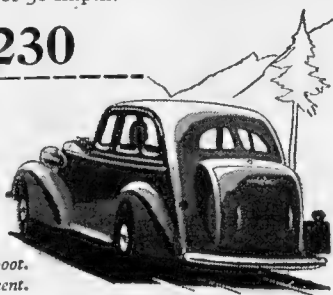
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"Four Voices"—(Continued from page 182)

"I'm awfully sorry," Kingsley began, and then in the fraction of time in which silence ensued before Robinson laughed or could say "All right," or something of that sort, a voice spoke right between them; a husky voice, clear though faint.

"Don't kill me for a little thing like that," it said.

Then came a choking sound from Robinson. "Trevick," he gasped. Kingsley struck a match immediately, and in the flickering light he saw the beads of perspiration were covering the pores of his forehead and the hair at the side of his head was sticking out like a dog with his hackles up. He reached for the candle and lit it.

"Did you hear that?" said Robinson, but Kingsley had been thinking furiously. "I heard nothing," he lied. "Shall I open it?" and he took the keys from Robinson's shaking hand and opened the grille. Twice Kingsley had to ask him which bottle he wanted before the old man could pull himself together, and then with Kingsley talking cheerfully about wine and the different sorts of brandies the two left the cellar and returned to the study.

When the younger Robinson saw his father's face he gave a gesture of surprise, but catching a warning glance from Kingsley, refrained from saying anything.

The brandy was good, and before it was time for bed the host had apparently forgotten his fright. However, when he accompanied Kingsley to his room for the night, he asked him again if he had heard anything down in the cellar when the candle went out. Kingsley reassured him as cheerfully as he could, wished him good-night, turned on the machine and went to sleep.

Kingsley never told us what he deduced from the happening of that day, but on the following morning he saw in a second that his machine had been at work. He turned the needle back to the beginning of the cylinder, put on the special headphones and listened.

First there was a faint sound of groaning and then the obvious creak of the bed. Next came Robinson's hoarse question: "Yes, yes, what?" Another voice answered—it whispered slowly and clearly, "I must beware of a man who"—then fainter still—"wears a horse-shoe pin in his tie."

But Robinson had apparently not heard the end—it was the electrical amplification which alone had picked it up—for Robinson kept on saying: "What, what? I can't hear."

Then another groan, the creaking of the bed, then deep breathing, and that was all.

Kingsley took off the cylinder, put it in his suit-case and replaced it with a blank record. At breakfast Robinson told Kingsley he had heard the usual voice, but had been unable to catch the end of the sentence.

Had the machine recorded anything? Kingsley said it had not, and there the subject rested for the time being. Later in the morning, Kingsley made a search of the drawers and cupboards in Robinson's room while his host and his son were in the garden. Just before lunch, he told his host that there was nothing he could do and that he would leave for London by the afternoon train.

Old Robinson looked crestfallen. "Can you do nothing?" he asked plaintively. "No, but you can," Kingsley replied. "You can leave this house as soon as you like. An unfortunate family by the name of Trevick used to live here, and the sooner you get away from their influence the better for your sanity."

"Good God!" exclaimed Robinson, and he stood as a man in a trance. "How do you know?"

"The vicar told me."

"Did he tell you anything else?" and this was said eagerly.

"No, and I don't want to know anything else," was the reply. He left by the afternoon train, and some months afterwards Robinson sold the place lock, stock and barrel.

We asked Kingsley to explain. He smiled. "I found a horseshoe tiepin in the bottom of one of his drawers," he said, "and, anyway, a man's past has nothing to do with me."



LORD AND LADY GIFFORD

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Racing Ragout—(Continued from page 150)

will win, with Wheatland, Fox Cub and Fairstone right on top of him. Rogerstone Castle I leave out as he was able to run his race in two at Kempton and cannot do that at Newmarket. No article is complete these days without some mention of the international situation, and without wishing to drive the Axis into a further panic of encirclement I may say that it has been suggested that Lord Westmorland and myself, with Phil de Crespigny who was our term lieutenant at Osborne, should rejoin the Navy. Without losing distance for having picked up, the latter would be given command of a fleet, while his lordship and myself would both be commanding battleships. Skipper, if not First Sea Lord, should be backed each way and might get some surplus for being second.

ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of the Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, write: "We plead for funds with which to enable us to continue the allowance which we have been making to Miss E., aged seventy-eight, a retired school teacher. She is a woman of great self-respect and it was only owing to the fact that her savings were exhausted many years ago through illness, that she appealed to us. She has one room for which she pays 3s. weekly; as her only income is 10s.,



BETTE DAVIS (DRESSED FOR "THE OLD MAID")
WITH MR. W. BUCHANAN-TAYLOR

This picture from Hollywood was taken during a lull in the shooting of *The Old Maid*; a story of the American Civil War, which Bette Davis is now busy making. This charming star has just finished what she considers her best film to date, namely *Dark Victory*. Mr. Buchanan-Taylor, who has been having the height of a good time as guest of Director Winfield R. Sheehan at his lovely home in Beverly Hills, is the live publicity manager of all Messrs. Joseph Lyons and Company's numerous activities

it is obvious that she cannot live on 7s. weekly. We have been making her an allowance of 5s. a week for some years, and ask for £13 which will enable us to continue this. Miss E. is a charming old lady, and suffers badly from bronchitis. Do please help us to continue helping her."

On Friday next, April 28, the Czecho-Slovakian film, *Innocence*, starts its run at the Phoenix Theatre. *Innocence* (Panensvi) features the beautiful Czech star, Lida Barova, whose screen career has been perhaps one of the most tragic in film history. After making several successful films in her native Prague, Barova went to Berlin some years ago, and soon became one of the most popular stars in Germany. At the peak of her success, however, she incurred the disapproval of Hitler. The story goes that Dr Goebbels became infatuated with the lovely actress; her fiancé, Gustav Froelich, ace producer and film star, resented the infatuation and created a stormy scene, in which, it is said, Goebbels was injured. In consequence, Lida Barova was ordered back to Prague, her films immediately withdrawn and burned and her name banned throughout Germany and Austria, and Goebbels was ordered away on a holiday. Barova started work again in Prague, her last complete film being *Innocence* (under its original title *Virginity*), but the German invasion of Czecho-Slovakia once again rudely interrupted her career, and her films were banned. Now she lives in obscurity in Prague, nobody daring to offer her work. The copy of *Innocence* which was shown at the Phoenix was literally rushed out of Czecho-Slovakia under difficulties on the eve of the German occupation, and is now not only the sole remaining evidence of Lida Barova's screen career, but possibly the last pre-Nazi film available to this country. Later it goes to America.



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The season is packed with interesting events, including the International Water Exhibition at Liege (May-November), the Memline Exhibition of Paintings at Bruges (commencing in June) and the picturesque Play of the Holy Blood, also at Bruges (August 5th-13th).

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The Modish Uplift.

THERE is no doubt about it that Nature must not be allowed to have it all her own way where the figure is concerned. Support and protection are needed. Now Joujou are responsible for an excellent breast supporter and corset; they may well be styled good companions. It is a difficult subject to discuss in a non-medical paper, but the needs of the prospective mother have been carefully considered. All interested in the subject must write to Joujou, 32 Baker Street, for their brochure.



THE SUN SUIT OF TODAY

Hair-Raising News.

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Stockings for the Summer.

IT is to be regretted that through a misunderstanding the prices of Elbeo stockings were wrongly quoted in a recent paragraph. The Elbeo Crown 200 are actually 6s. 11d. per pair, while a pair of Elbeo Vision costs 8s. 11d. These stockings are of sheer silk with a dense close mesh, so that they have a long life as well as an attractive one. By the clever device of knitting them inside-out their makers achieve a "skin complexion" which flatters the legs and gives a slender line to the ankles. It is not surprising, in fact, that the Grand Prix at the Paris International Exhibition in 1937 was awarded to these stockings. If there is at all any difficulty in obtaining them, write direct to Elbeo Publicity, 233 Regent Street, W.1.

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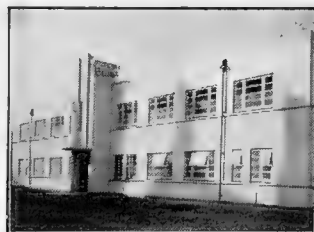


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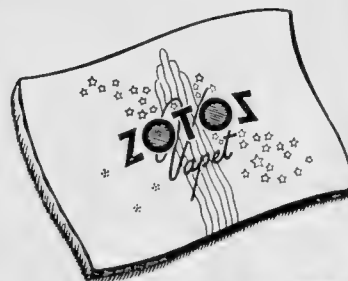


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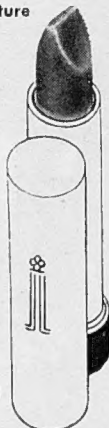
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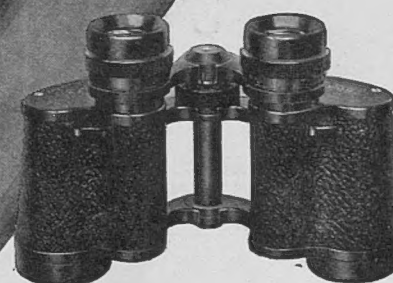
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